SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1888. NUMBER 2.

Poetry.

For the BLADE.

NOT FOR SALE.

A. M. BRUNER.

He stands six feet, a trifle more,
Broad shouldered, eagle eye,
He bravely swings in line to face
Rifle storm, without a sigh.
His heart is tender as a child's,
His love, it cannot fail,
He's one of natures noblemen—
The man that's not for sale.

They sent him once to represent
His district, and 'tis said
A lobbyist requested that
He'd note the bill next read.
He faced the polished gentleman
With glance that made him quail,
"I pardon the mistake," he said,
"But, friend, I'm not for sale!"

A hundred thousand dollar church,
Whose pulpit well he filled,
Had an official board who were
Eccentric and self-willed.
They made a very trifle request,
Which seemed could scarcely fail
To move him; but he kindly said:
"Brethren, I'm not for sale!"

He's moving grandly on through life,
And making tracks of white.
His silver hair gleams like a sheaf;
His scars are few from strife.
He looks the Devil in the face
Until disheartened, pale,
His Majesty, disgusted, says:
"I've failed; he's *not for sale!*"

THE WINTER DAWN.

HANNAH HEARNE.

Close clasped within protecting hills,
The little snow-thatched hamlet rests;
Ice-bound and dumb, are all its rills,
Bleak are the woods, and drear the nests.

Beneath the straw stack shivering stand
The meek-eyed cows, the blinding sheep,
And near them, idle, quiet, bland,
The shepherd dog lies half asleep.

From each small eot the smoke curls white—
Though cold without, there's cheer within—
And on each pane gleams soft, gray light;
The night is out; the day is in.

SWEET, SHY GIRL.

JOHN J. PIATT.

O, sweet, shy girl, with rose in her heart,
And love-light in her face, like those up-grown,
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dream-like, start
From fits of solitude when not alone!

Gay dancer over thresholds of bright days,
Tears quick to her eyes as laughing to her lips;
A game of hide-and-seek with Time she plays,
Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipse.

O gentle-souled!—how dear and good she is,
Blessed by soft dews of happiness and love;
Cradled in tenderest arms! Her mother's kiss
Seals all her good-night prayers. Her father's smile
Brightens her mornings. Through the earth shall move
Her child-sweet soul, not far from heaven the while!

Our Story Teller.

THE BOY CAPTIVE.

It was a strange scene. The skilled hand of nature never placed among the wild beauties of the far West a more lovely spot than that little nook in the Black Range of New Mexico. A small basin, as level as the shearing peaks, carpeted with green, luxuriant grass, studded with the most beautiful flowers; on every hand, like an irregular, broken wall, the rock-ribbed mountains shut in the lovely spot, as though 'twere an Eden which must be guarded from the foot of man forever. To the northward a cascade came leaping down the rocky sides of the mountain from shelf to shelf like a great ribbon of molten silver, throwing out its crystal spray in the glad sunlight until the air seemed filled with a shower of diamonds. After reaching the level the waters formed a little brook that cut the mountain meadow in twain; a sparkling, purling brook that, in its onward flow, filled the air with musical, dreamy melody.

About midway of the meadow a strange scene met my eye as I rode out of a gulch in my search for the trail of the murderous Victorio, the Apache chief, and his painted band of demons. A group of eight frontiersmen lolled about on the grass in picturesque attitudes, their rifles by their sides, and their horses picketed near by, feeding upon the succulent grass. The animals were sweat-marked, and showed evidence of having been ridden hard. When I rode up to the party I was warmly welcomed, for they were all frontier friends whom I had for years faced the constant dangers of border life. The presence of this band of hardy pioneers in that lonely spot and the fatigued condition of the horses told me that the occasion was not an ordinary one, and, in respose to my inquiry as to the cause of the gathering, one of the boys pointed to figure lying upon the grass a few feet distant.

The figure was that of a hand some youth, bound hand and foot with buckskin thongs. He was apparently not over 18 years of age, with a frank, open countenance, bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind. His light brown curly hair, tangled from inattention, fell in picturesque confusion over his youthful shoulders, and a pair of eyes of the softest blue looked up at me in a half-pleading, half-defiant manner when I went up to where he lay. The truth burst upon me in a moment. He had committed some crime, and was about to be called upon to answer for his misdeed at the dread tribunal of Judge Lynch.

"What's the kid been doing, boys?" I inquired.

"Shot Dandy Frank, the gambler, at Chloride, last night. Come up to 'im in a saloon an' pulled a gun an' downed 'im without a word, an' then run out an' jumped Apache Bill's horse and rode over the hills. We just overtuk the little cuss 'yar about half an hour ago, an' war debatin' whether to give 'im a trial 'yar or take 'im back an' let the boys in camp assist at the obsequies. Apache Bill wants to take 'im back, but the rest on us think it 'd save trouble to hear his story, ef he's got one, an' string 'im up to that tree. I war Bill's pard in the fight to git away on, an' out o' deference to the old man's wishes we've jist about concluded to run 'im back to Chloride an' let the boys all take a hand in the funeral festivities."

Apache Bill, so called on account of his hatred of the red devils and his constant warfare upon them, was a noble specimen of rough manhood. He stood fully six feet high, was strongly built, and in his picturesque suit of buckskin presented a pleasing and striking picture. There was always a pleasant, mild expression on his face, except at such times as his eyes fell upon an Indian form, and then his own true nature seemed to be dethroned and supplanted by the spirit of an avenging demon. The cause of this deadly hatred for the Indian race no one knew, but it was generally surmised that Bill had a history. He had first appeared in the vicinity during the summer of '77, and had been of valuable service to the troops and the settlers in the capacity of a scout. He was always reticent regarding his early history, and while there was such a man in the range who was not proud of his friendship, all looked upon him with feelings of awe, and regarded him as a man of mystery.

After the speaker referred to had thus briefly outlined the case, Bill rose up on his elbow and said:

"Boys, you mustn't think me obstinate or mulish for opposin' you and wantin' to take the boy back, for I can't help it. Somehow I feel that the youngster hadn't ought to be hung, an' I can't shake off that feelin'. I tell you, boys, when I look at that almost girlish face an' them honest eyes, somethin' tells me that we'd orter go mighty slow!"

"But lookee here, Bill," said one of the men. "He shot Frank, fur some of us seed him do it, an' the Bible says that masmuch as he done it unto one of the boys we'd orter to do it unto him. An eye fur an eye an' a tooth fur a tooth, and whomsoever sheds man's blood, by man he'd ought to be most beautifully swung up. That ain't much law in these mountains, but we've got the Scriptur a-backin' us, an' I think we'd orter go accordin' to the Bible teachin's. What do you think o' the matter, Jack?"

The boy looked up at me with those large, blue, pleading eyes, and in spite of the fact that his hands were stained with the life blood of another, my whole heart went out to him.

"Boys," I said, "I don't believe that boy is guilty of wilful murder. That handsome face is not the face of one who would scheme to take the life of another. Have you questioned him any?"

"No; the kid hasn't opened his mouth since we run 'im down."

"Then I say, give him a chance to talk. Cut those thongs and let him get up to his feet and tell his story, and not lie there like a hog awaiting the butcher's knife. If he is guilty he can never escape you, and if its brutal to tie a boy up like that down like a wild beast. Shall I let him up?"

There was no opposing voice, and, drawing my hunting knife from my belt, I bent over him and cut the thongs and assisted him to his feet. Till my dying day I will never forget the look of gratitude which he gave me, or the low, trembling "thank you" which reached my ears from his pale lips.

"Now, my boy," I said, "speak right out and tell us your story. Don't be afraid, but speak up like a man. If you are guilty your talk can make your case no worse, and if you are innocent I can assure you that right in this band of rough men you will find warm and true friends, who will protect you with their very lives. Did you kill Dandy Frank?"

"Yes, sir; I did, and," raising his eyes to heaven while an almost unearthly expression came over his handsome face, "I thank the good Lord from above from the very bottom of my heart for giving me the opportunity!"

His clear, girlish voice thrilled every breast, and his brave, fearless attitude, as he stood with his face upturned to heaven, awoke within us feelings of undisguised admiration. A more tragic or striking picture was never before presented to the eye of man. There was a silence of a few moments as we gazed in wonder upon his small, defiant form, and then I asked:

"And why did you shoot him?"

"Because he was a villain—the damnable, accursed destroyer of my once happy family. Men, I will tell you the story, but I have no hope that it will deter you from carrying out your avowed intention of taking my life. After hearing me I beg of you to hang me at once and not prolong my torture by taking me back to Chloride. I have accomplished the aim of my life and I almost long to be at rest in my grave."

"About ten years ago, when I was a child of about eight years of age, my dear father and mother were living in an humble home in an Eastern state. I was their only child, and upon me they lavished all the love of which they were capable. My father was engaged in a small business which amply supported his family, but reverses came and in the pressure of hard times, and through father indorsing a note for a supposed friend, we lost everything. At that time the most startling stories of the great wealth of gold and silver lying buried in these mountains reached our ears, and one morning father kissed us goodby, and almost before we could realize the fact he had gone westward to retrieve his lost fortunes.

"I had a cousin, a handsome, good-natured fellow, whom I learned to love as a brother. My mother was a young and rarely beautiful woman, and after father's departure my cousin became a daily visitor at our house. In my youthful innocence I thought nothing of this and things seemed to run along monthly for a year. We had frequent letters from father, in which he said he was working in a mine for good wages and hoped soon to be able to send for us. He sent us money sufficient to live on, and his letters, breathing the spirit of the strongest affection, made us very happy.

"One day the body of my mother was found drowned in a stream near our house, and upon the bank was a package addressed to me, with written instructions upon the envelope that it was not to be opened until I was sixteen years of age.

"After the funeral I was sent away to a distant city to school, bearing my mother's last gift, the precious packet, with me. My grief wore off as much as grief for the loss of an angel mother can, and devoted myself to my studies with a determination to acquire a thorough education. As I grew older I learned that it was my cousin who had caused me to be sent to the school, and that he was dreading the expense of my education. I never again heard of my father, and I always mourned for him as dead."

The poor boy buried his face in his hands and sobbed with emotion, while every one in the rough band leaned toward him and listened with breathless interest. In a moment he continued:

"I love Frank Dell on until I grew up until I was almost a woman——"

"A woman!"

The men sprang to their feet and gazed upon the youthful form in astonishment.

"A woman!"

"Yes, men, there is no use for longer hiding it—I am a woman. One day my cousin called at the academy, and I received him with love and gratitude, for I had been taught to regard him as my benefactor. After a talk of an hour he asked me take a walk in the grounds, and when at a distance from the academy he assailed my ears with a story of love, concluding with a vile and infamous proposal. I drove him from me with scorn, and all my love for him turned to bitter hatred.

"A few days later, on my sixteenth birthday, I opened my trunk and took therefrom my mother's last message, and, after kissing it fondly, broke the seal. Oh, God! Why did I ever read it?"

Again she broke down and wept bitterly, but soon controlled her grief and continued:

"The letter was a short one, and told me that my own mother, the blessed angel who gave me life, had fallen a victim to the seductive wiles of my accursed cousin, and was no longer fit to live. She bade me, when I had read the letter, seek for my father in the West and tell him the sad story, and implore him to forgive her and not curse her memory.

"Then I got down on my knees beside my bed and asked God to register an oath in heaven that if I ever again met the destroyer of my angel mother I would kill him as I would a snake. I left the academy that day and sought employment as a teacher of music to private pupils. I succeeded in securing a large class, and for a whole year toiled and saved my earnings until I had accumulated a handsome sum. Then I started for the mining camp in Colorado, where my father was last heard from, but on my arrival I learned to my dismay that he had gone to New Mexico several years before. I returned to Denver, and, while laying my future plans, conceived the idea of avoiding insult by traveling monthly for a year. We had frequent letters from father, in which he said he was working in a mine for good wages and hoped soon to be able to send for us. He sent us money sufficient to live on, and his letters, breathing the spirit of the strongest affection, made us very happy.

"At Santa Fe I secured a trace of him, and soon learned that he had once been in that town, but had gone further south. For almost a year I have wandered about from one mining town to another, and on yesterday's stage I reached Chloride. During the evening I was strolling about peeping in the windows of saloons, hoping to catch a glimpse of his familiar face, and in one of the houses I saw that accursed destroyer of my sainted mother standing at the bar. The fierceness of a tiger seemed to fill my soul, and I rushed to a neighboring store and purchased a revolver and had it filled with cartridges. Returning, I again peered in the window and saw him still standing there, and in another moment I rushed in and shot him dead. I then ran out, and seeing a horse standing in front of the saloon, I sprang upon his back, hoping to escape.

"Men, that is my story. The man I killed, and whom you call Dandy Frank, was my cousin, Frank Martin, and——"

"Frank Martin!"

Apache Bill sprang to his feet and stood trembling in every limb. His face turned deathly pale, and in a hoarse, shaky voice he asked:

"Gal, w'at's your name?"

"My name is Cora Martin, the same name my poor mother bore."

With a glad yell that resounded in strange echoes through the adjoining gulches Bill sprang forward and clasped the boyish figure to his bosom, and for a few moments all we could hear was:

"My daughter! My long lost, darling daughter!"

"Oh, papa, papa, papa!"

The script was taken back to Chloride and, after the story was told, instead of a lynching bee the reunited father and daughter were tendered the most rousing reception the country had ever known.

Bill had heard of the suicide of his wife, but through the machinations of the treacherous cousin his daughter's whereabouts were hidden from him, and he had long mourned her as dead. He engaged in Indian warfare to endeavor to drown his troubles in excitement, and his supposed hatred for Indians was but a reckless disregard for danger and a desire to mingle amid dangerous and stirring scenes.

The old miner is now a prosperous merchant in a New Mexico town, and Cora is the respected and honored wife of a prominent cattle king of Texas. The scene depicted above is a true one, and I have given it as correctly as I could dig it up from the recesses of my memory.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

Ben Hogan, the Reformed Pugilist, in a Lecture at Indianapolis.

"In every city there are thousands of rich men and women who are ready to commit suicide because of ill-health. 'What is wealth without health?' 'Nothing,' I spould say, but I do say that while every man cannot amass wealth, every one can secure good health. I know a man who owns a fine horse. He employs two men to take care of that horse and keep him in condition. He is exercised, sponged and blanketed daily. Does the owner himself have a man to take care of him? No. He possibly bathes once a week. He arises at 8 o'clock in the morning, throws his breakfast down without masticating it, and madly rushes off to business. At noon he rushes into a restaurant and eats his dinner in five minutes. On he goes, hiring men to look after the health of his horse, but never stops to think of his own body and its needs.

"A man cannot digest his food unless he eats carefully. A meal should never be eaten in less than one hour. Gladstone says he bites each piece of meat he puts into his mouth twenty times before he swallows it, and that isn't too often. The men of to-day who throw their food into their stomach are physical wrecks in fifteen years. The American doctor studies medicine when he should study nature; instead of trying to prevent disease they try to cure. There are many people who do not take a bath in two years, and they prematurely die from poisoning. The poison that accumulates under the first layer of skin breeds disease, and sooner or later must come death.

"There are thousands of people dying of consumption who haven't sense enough to know that they can throw it off. No man who is lazy can become healthy, for the best way to bring health is by physical development. I have seen thousands of young men apparently on the verge of the grave grow strong by following this daily routine: When you get up in the morning rub yourself with a rough towel until the blood is in circulation, and never take a cold bath without getting the blood in circulation, for it is dangerous. After the bath rub the flesh for three-quarters of an hour. Then take a cup of tea and eat some toast, and start out for a half-hour's walk. Don't plod slowly along the streets, but walk as rapidly as your legs will carry you. When you return you are ready for breakfast. Eat rice, mutton chops and toast, and drink tea. If you are a business man you are ready for business, but if you are training for an athlete you will again start upon the walk, and keep it up all day. A man under training is required to walk at least forty miles every day. When he returns from his walk he is put under blankets until he has cooled, and then rubbed in the bath. He is then shook out and rubbed or manipulated. Then he is ready for dinner. The athlete or pugilist would be required to eat raw ham or raw steak without salt or pepper. Pugilists are not allowed to use pepper, because it heats the blood. For men who are not undergoing training for pugilists I would advise a dinner on rare beef, and other vegetables cooked dry."

THE PAGAN CHRISTMAS DAY.

How It Came to be Observed as It is at Present.

Easter was the first Christian festival, and Chrismas was not added for about 400 years, or near A. D. 300, and it was established by Julius, bishop of Rome. At that time no one pretended to determine the date of Christ's birth, and later research makes it possible that He was born in the spring. But the festivals celebrating His resurrection were in the spring, and another date was needed for His birth.

The 25th of December is the time when the sun turns on his winter solstice, and was considered by early Christians symbolic of the coming of Christ. At this season an old pagan festival was held in honor of the Sun God. To remove this festival was difficult, and an attempt was made to Christianize it by giving it a new name and a new significance. That it is not yet perfectly Christianized shows the tenacity of old heathen customs The New England fathers abolished, as of popish origin, Advent and Christmas with the four other church feasts, and established Thanksgiving day and Fast days.

The feeling was especially strong against Christmas because of its heathen origin and lack of scriptural authority, and because also of the boisterous celebration in England. In 1647 the crier of Canterbury made proclamation by order of the mayor "that no observation shall be had of the five and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas, nor any solemnity used or exercised in the churches upon that day more than hereof." No wonder the Puritans landed here with a dislike for Christmas. Twenty-five years ago Christmas was hardly recognized by Congregationalists in New England.

In no point have the Puritans so departed from the usages of their fathers. To day one might as well try to turn back Niagara as to stop the observance of Christmas. What we call Christmas was celebrated before the birth of Christ. In Persia it was the festival of Midras, the Lord of Light, and lasted 40 days, and consisted of the salutations of the sun at its rising, of solemn processions and of general rejoicing. About this date the Saturnalia were celebrated in Italy with three days of merry-making, and in Scandinavia the Yule festival brought feasts and dances.

These historical facts show the origin of Christmas. Wherever it came from, we may well be thankful it is here, and as the Puritans made it the feast of the God of Light, so might Christmas well make it the day of celebration of the Light of the World.

TO SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in regular condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth almost closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

The Mustache Betrayed Him.

"No, Mamie," said the fair-haired girl with an air of tender melancholy, "I shall never love him again. It is all over."

"How can you say so, Gertie? He is young, rich, loves you devotedly, and has such a beautiful, long, silken, heavy mustache——"

"His mustache? O, don't speak of it, I implore you! I saw him once, Mamie, just after he had taken a drink of buttermilk!"

And the two friends shuddered and sat close together, looking silently in the fire, while their shadows danced fitfully on the wall and the wind moaned dismally through the ghostly trees on the outside.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Buried Spanish Treasure.

Two young men walking along the shore on Ipswich Neck, Mass., a few days ago, picked up several silver coins bearing the date 1842. The report was soon circulated, and a whole army of treasure hunters, armed with spades, hoes and rakes, invaded the spot. The ground was thoroughly overhauled, but only a few hinges were found. A Spanish ship went ashore there in 1845, with a quantity of coin on board, which tradition says was never recovered. The hinges give color to the belief that there was a bona-fide chest, which has since rotted, and that the few pieces found belonged to it.

HOW SHE ROUTED THE MASHER.

An Amusing Street Car Incident—The Pretty Girl and Her Deep Revenge.

There were only six persons in a street car that was rattling lazily along up-town the other afternoon. One of them was a lady of pleasing appearance. She was calculated to attract attention from her neat little bonnet, with its algrets nodding wantonly among the olive moire ribbons, down to the little kid-encased feet resting lightly on the wooden matting. The effect of her dress and its several fashionable attachments was iridescent and dazzling. To add to this she had a pretty face. Her black eyes, though well-behaved, had no timidity in their glances, and helped to make up the dazzling entirety.

The car stopped and a man got on. Robust, well dressed, well jeweled and well along in life was he. He looked a prosperous merchant, a club man, "one of the boys"—and he looked at the girl. And he kept on looking. He was evidently one of those valuable individuals who had done the same thing before, though not at the same girl. His lips got into that peculiar preparatory attitude so often noticed in mashers, so that if the girl should rest on him for a moment the lips could jump quickly into a smile of an interrogatory nature. The girl's black eyes, in their prances from this object to that, lit on the man's face once or twice, but only to dart indignantly away. But he kept looking, and she was evidently aware of it.

Suddenly she shifted her position a bit, so as to squarely confront him, and bending forward slightly, began gazing at his feet. It was a curious, almost mystified look that took possession of her pretty face. The man looked startled, but forward and looked at his feet, which were all that a well-dressed man could ask for in appearance. He looked at the girl again. She was still manifesting a curious interest in his shoes. She even shifted her dainty form again and looked harder still at his feet, until the man drew them in a bit. Still she looked. Again the man himself looked at them, and then, while she seemed more puzzled than ever over them, he looked absolutely puzzled over her. He was evidently getting uncomfortable, and his lips lost that peculiar preparatory attitude, and were in no danger of breaking into a smile. He drew his feet in still more, shoved them out, and looked at them, while she showed symptoms of terror; then he drew them back till his heels were plump against the woodwork under the seat.

At this impressive moment that American trait whereby when a person stops and looks at anything every one who notices the act stops and looks, too, although there is nothing in particular to see, began to make it still further uncomfortable for the masher. An elderly lady who sat a little distance from the man, and who noticed his confusion, settled the dazzling young woman seemed to be over something in the direction of the man's feet, adjusted her glasses and looked, too. She of course saw nothing but the highly polished shoes, but the man got very uneasy, and drew his feet under sideways as far as he could, while he tried to look calmly out of the window. The lady at the end of the car, seeing her neighbors puzzled over something, bent way forward and looked sidelong at the man's feet. He drew them clear in till they rested awkwardly on the toes. The iridescent young lady was gazing at them as hard as ever.

The car stopped and another young lady of fashion got in. She knew the iridescent young lady, and the latter whispered something in her ear, and both began looking hard, very hard at the man's feet.

It was more than he could stand. He got up and stepped quickly and awkwardly off the car. The girls looked at each other and smiled.

The woman nearly opposite leaned forward and asked in an undertone: "Say, what was the matter?"

"O, nothing," said the iridescent girl with charming frankness. "The big goose tried to flirt with me and I simply got him out of the way by looking at his feet. That will always make them get out of the way. No man can stand it. I don't sit still and let men keep gazing impudently and insulting at me. No girl need to. Just look at their feet. They'll go."

As soon as the prosperous looking masher got off the car he climbed into a bootblack's chair. The bootblack looked surprised, for the shoes were already highly polished.

"Do you see anything the matter with them?" asked the man.

"No, boss, nothing the matter."

"Well here's 10 cents for your opinion," and he walked off, asking himself what that damned pretty girl was looking at.—*N. Y. Sun.*

She Could Only be a Daughter.

"Miss Florry," said the employer, "you have been in my establishment as bookkeeper for five years, and I have raised your salary each year until now. I am paying you all I can well afford, and I am afraid I shall not be able to raise the figures for next year any higher than they are now—$1,200."

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Plummer," replied the young lady, "but I have been offered $1,300 by Swagg & Co. to take their books next year."

"The underhanded sneaks! Trying to take my employes from me, are they? Well, they can't do it! I'll give you $1,400, Miss Florry, and you can snap your fingers at Swagg & Co."

"Fifteen hundred dollars is a liberal offer, Mr. Plummer, and I am obliged to you, but Shroat & Belknap sent me word yesterday that they would pay me $1,500 if I would go into their office as head bookkeeper."

"Shroat & Belknap, hey! They are a pretty pair of sharks. They'll give you $1,500, will they? I'll see 'em in Los Angeles first!" exclaimed Mr. Plummer. "See here, Miss Florry, I'll do better than that. I'll take you into the firm. I will marry you! Tell Shroat & Belknap you are engaged. Ha! ha! I'll marry you, Florry!"

"O, Mr. Plummer [demurely]. I thank you sincerely for your offer, but I can never be anything more than a daugh—"

"Wait—what!" gasped the head of the firm.

"I have promised to marry your son Harry, Mr. Plummer."

[Red fire and slow curtain.]—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wanderers from Afar Coming to Give Cheer.

She—I cannot marry you, George, but I will always be a sister to you.

He—Always?

She—Yes; always.

He—You are very kind, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do. The man you marry might object to it and make things disagreeable for both of us. I know I wouldn't like to have my wife playing the role of sister to an old beau of hers. Indeed I should decidedly object to her having any brothers of that kind. You can be a sort of second cousin to me or something like that, but a sister is out of the question; it is too risky, altogether too risky.

The Latest in Gloves.

A couple of suburban residents stood gazing admiringly in the window of a prominent store, when one of them said:

"What do you think of them gloves?"

"What gloves?" queried the other.

"Them long kid ones there," responded No. 1, pointing to a pair of the two-dozen button species.

"Is them gloves?" asked No. 2.

"Of course they are. Gloves for ladies," said No. 1, with an air of social superiority.

"I thought they were some new-fangled tights for ballet dancers," said No. 2. And the dialogue closed.

A Little English Orthœpy.

Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
Bolingbroke is pronced Bullingbrook.
Broughton is pronounced Broom.
Bulwer is pronounced Butler.
Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley.
Cirencester is pronced Sissister.
Cockburn is pronounced Cobun.
Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.
Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.
Hawarden is pronounced Harden.
Hoburn is pronounced Hobun.
Knollys is pronounced Knowles.
Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
Marylebone is pronounced Marrabun.
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
Salisbury is pronounced Sawisbry.
St. Leger is pronounced Silinger.
Talbot is pronounced Tarbut.
Taliafero is pronounced Tolliver.
Thames is pronounced Tems.
Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

Our New Serial Story.

HARRY LANAHAN.

A STORY OF THE MINES.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

V.

TWO REFORMERS AND THEIR THEORIES.

Dust and rain had settled together on Scatfield Heights, when the miners poured from the pits to wend their way homeward, looking like imps of a larger growth, so smeared with smut were their faces, and so unearthly the tiny lamps hung to their caps. The rain slanting against their cheeks washed little tracks through the blackness, and made them, in appearance, worthy of the name of "fiends," which Jim Millick bestowed upon them, as he harangued a group of idlers under a shed at the end of the village.

Jim Millick was dirtier, wilder-eyed and more violent than usual, and his drunken mind was trying to draw a parallel between his case and the case of the ancient Roman, Rienzi. He told the men who pushed their hands down in their pockets and glared attention, that he "came not here to talk," and then he did a vast deal of talking. He told them they were "slaves!" "Slaves to a horde of petty tyrants, feudal despots," who refused to give them the wagers they "struck" for, and thus starved their young children! Slaves to that bloated Irishman, Lanahan, who was just passing and who wore good clothes, bought with the money which the striking miners ought to have for bread!

Hearing his name assailed, Harry turned back from his way down hill, and his smile softened to gravity.

"Arrah, Jim Millick!" he cried, impulsively, "don't be ankin' the b'ys more uneasy under their difficulties, with such wags of yer jaw! And what good does it do to be callin' names and cussin'? Spake fair, man, an' say that work is scarce and hands isn't, and him that strikes for higher wages when he knows the boss won't give it, jumps out o' the fryin'-pan into the fire, and heaven mend the times!"

"Hear him?" frothed Jim Millick, tossing his arms with the agony which used to make effective his political appeals; "he sets his viper heel upon us, and exhorts us in his wiles to remain brogues and be fair! He rides rough-shod over our homes like the vulture that he is, and then recommends us not to be unatsy. He is the tool by which the rich literally chew us up like a devouring flame, day by day," and then, shouted Millick, "he wants to be 'Aisy!'"

Harry Lanahan placed himself in front of his adversary with his honest hands in the pockets of his coat, intending to counteract the impression Millick's bombast made on the unhappy crowd.

"Well, Jim," spoke Harry. "How would you reform the matthers you complain of? Come, man. Tache the Irish director his duty!"

"I should," exclaimed Millick, fixing his blood-shot eye on the man he hated, "I should," swelling his chest and groping after generalities, "I should."

"Just so, me b'y," assented Harry Lanahan, with an encouraging nod, and a sly, sullen smile stole around among the men.

"I should," gasped Jim Millick, "I should—not act the sycophant to rich employers; I should not take the bread out of poor men's mouths! I should use the power of my free, right arm," whirling that lank and tattered member in the air, "to crush out rich monopolists! I should find work and sufficient compensation for all, or—make them!"

A murmur of applause crowned this flight of eloquence.

"But now?" questioned Harry Lanahan, in all humility. "How would you make the rich hire thim as aren't willin' to take up with the wages offered? How would you change in a year the things that has been in for a hundred years comin' to this pass? How would you git bread to the families of thim that are mis-led by big talkers like you, that they'd rayther stand 'round doin' nothin'—belavin' they're supportin' a principle, poor souls!—than take up with work as would bring in somethin', and wait a bit men till their turns and their children's turns comes! B'ys!" continued Harry, pushing the slouched hat further back from his face, and turning to address directly the men herded under the shed, "I've heard it was a sartain thing in this counthry that thim that's poor to-day will have the rich to wait on 'em to-morrow. Now, I'm no boss, b'ys, to see how a man as can't support his family comfortable on his wages, is goin' to support 'em more comfortable without any wages! Faix I haven't the gift tongue Jim Millick wags in his jaws, and maybe, bein' unbeknownst to the ways and doin's of Ameriky, I'm talkin' widout sense! But, still, I'll say that it's worth thinkin' of the women and childer, and the pace and decency of the community; and the kapin' idle hands out of mischief! They don't iver balance niven in the worruld; some has plinty, and some is starvin'; some is prosperous and some niver git along. Times have come to a fearful pass on Scatfield Hills, "a growlin' 'arms nothin, and hatin' and killin' don't make it roomier or pleisnter for thim left alive!"

Jim Millick, who, during this disjointed speech had uttered frequent hisses and interruptions, now began a mighty tirade of abuse, to which Harry paid no further attention. He was speaking privately with a thin, wretched man who coughed.

"Whist, Alvan Peters!" he exclaimed in a low voice, widening his gray eyes, "but ye made more than words of advice, man! Here, take my coat! It's but a step up the hill to me office-shanty, and I'll find somethin' to put on! I'm a strappin' b'y, and it's weaklier than ye are this cowld rain'll make ye! Ye're wetter, and if there happened to be a bit o' money-scrip in the pockets give that same to the mother, to buy the childer a bite!"

So, having pressed his coat warmly on the miner, Harry Lanahan turned his back to the disaffected group and re-ascended the hill. The rain dripped off his hat-brim and tickled in little rills down the shoulders of his shirt.

Some of the men were touched by such unpremeditated generosity, and looked at one another with sheepish eyes. One made bold to say that this was a "clever" action in Harry Lanahan, who was but a poor man, such as each of them was; and he was not the person to blame for their miseries, after all!

But Jim Millick seized this speaker in rhetorical talons, and soared with him and the Irish director, and the peneeable portion of the world generally, to such heights of eloquent denunciation that the staring men lost sight of him. After it might be said that the night closed round him and thought him alone, a bird of prey, on his eyrie of hatred.

VI.

THE MAN ON THE TREE.

Harry's office was a shanty at the mouth of the mine, where he received orders for coal and kept the books of the company. Often, when very busy, he passed the night here, so a settle, spread with blankets was in one corner of the room. But his lodgings were down the mountain on the road to Scatfield. He lived with a farmer's family, and here he first met Jane Davidson, for the daughter of this family was her bosom friend.

Many a morning and dusky evening had Jane and Harry walked down or up the mountain road together, for Jane made this house her stopping-place on her journeys to Scatfield with her work. Many a jovial summer night the farm-house rang with the merriment of three young people. Jane, used to dust and gloom of a mining village and pale from her week's toil at the needle, gathered healthy roses and social joy from this little dip into valley-life, and the companionship of the only people she counted as friends.

Latterly, however, Jane had made her journeys to Scatfield in one day, by rising earlier in the morning and hurrying home at night. This custom she established for several reasons, the strongest of which were that she had now very little time for recreation, and her means were growing so strait that she proudly refrained from accepting hospitality for which she could offer no return. The poor is separated even from his neighbor, and though many a night these two girls had slept in each other's arms in Jane's little loft-bed, Jane passed the farm house quickly on her way to town in the early dawn, and gave her friend no signs that she was passing by. When she reached Scatfield a dreadful disappointment waited her. The shops for which she worked found it necessary to reduce the number of its needlewomen, and her supply of work was cut off. She received the money due her, and went out with a blank face to seek for work elsewhere; but there seemed no demand for more help in any place, and as Jane hurried from employer to employer and received from each the polite reply: "I am sorry, but I have nothing for you now," despair rose in her heart; and for the first time she faced the "strike" of Scatfield Heights on the same footing with other miners' families.

She was slow on the way home and heavy-spirited. She turned aside from the beaten road to take a steep path over a wilder part of the mountain, in order to avoid passing the farm-house. What she was now to do she did not know. She had a couple of dollars in her purse, and these two dollars were all that stood between the little log home and the hunger we call "the wolf." But being of a hopeful nature, she roused her spirits and resolved not to despond. She and her father were as able to struggle through a hard winter as others who were hungering that moment on Scatfield Heights. Perhaps, indeed, he could find something to do, and she would hunt again in town for work; she would have Harry's hearty counsel also. So reassuring herself she climbed from stone to stone, and the sun set before she got out of the dark pine woods.

Jane heard the sound of voices growing more and more distinct before her. She hesitated, but the way was growing dim, with the swift down-coming of night on a mountain range, and she must hurry forward or run the risk of being lost. The glimpse of a miner's cap with its little lamp attached, which she caught between the branches reassured her, for the working miners were the peaceable part of the community, and she had nothing to fear from them. Hastening on, Jane found a group of miners standing around some object on the ground. They were so occupied that she might have passed without attracting attention, but she stopped and peered with a horrid dread, which she could not overcome. It was dusk; but between their feet as they crowded together and stooped over, she caught square-inch views of something lying horribly still, something which fascinated, yet appalled them.

"He didn't come this morning," said one—"was there till last man left last night," put in another in an undertone. And further she caught fragmentary sentences uttered in low-awed voices by these rough sons of the hills—"that gang," "better boss never lived," "scarsed cut-throats," "nearest man have no show!" "See there! there's a bit o' paper on the tree he war spiked against!" "What is it?" "Leave Scatfield at once, or git your coffin ready!"

Jane Davidson sunk to the ground, but kept her consciousness; all strength seemed wrung from her; but so horrible a fascination had the unknown night exert over her, that she crept weakly nearer and nearer it along the frozen earth. Was it Harry? Had that gang killed Harry?

One of the men turned and saw her, and uttered an exclamation.

"What is it, Joe Burns?" gasped Jane, "what are they looking at there?"

"You go 'way!" exclaimed Joe Burns, lifting her with rough kindness, "'tain't fit fer a woman to see! Run home, Janie Davidson! I'll go a bit wi' ye, an' you stop t' my house and tell my woman not to be skeert if I'm late."

He tried to hurry her away toward the mining village, but Jane planted her feet firmly and looked up with the pleading of despair in her white face.

"Joe, is it Harry? Joe, don't tell me a lie! Have they killed Harry?"

The miner's lank face still blanched between its smears of sweat, by the sickening sight he had seen, hesitated to move a tongue either in confirmation or denial of her fears.

"Go home, I say!" he repeated, roughly, "the gang, whoever they be, has used up a man, and we found him spiked to that tree, sich an oblick as no women folks is ekal to seein'."

"But I *will* see him!" cried Jane, breaking from his hand, and rushing back to the spot.

The miners, awed by her vehemence, parted right and left. Those who had stooped to lift the body on a pine litter, withdrew their heads and remained on their knees.

"Keep her off, ther, keep her off!" yelled Joe Burns; but Jane was already kneeling and gazing through the dusk. She saw a bloody, torn and mutilated mass, wearing fragments of Harry's clothes, having Harry's bright but clotted hair about its mashed, frightful face, and then her life seemed to expire in a shriek, which curdled the air and rung through the pine woods, as she fell beside her murdered lover.

VII.

THE WITNESS IN THE WALL.

The miners who carried the litter down into the village, stopped at Old Tilbury Davidson's door and left the half-conscious girl who had followed it; and thin ragged women living nearest, rushed into the cabin to help one who had so often helped them.

Placing her in the hands of these wives, the miners proceeded with their burden to a hut where the coroner from Scatfield might examine it.

Jane Davidson lay on her father's bed, and the women chafed her hands and feet. They called her endearing names—did these poor woe-worn souls—and pressed her to something, though they had nothing to give her; but to their famished eyes, sufficient food appeared the panacea for all human ills. No, Jane wanted nothing. She touched their hands and thanked them. Only would they please leave her? She could not think. She could not speak as she ought, to any one. They would forgive her? Knowing what had so terrified her black eyes, they were loath to leave her, and one by one, slowly, they went out of the house, to shake their heads and cry feebly when they met one another over the curse which

Recent Literature.

Two notable translations come from the publishing house of T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, which will find favor with the lovers of Russian literature. One is from the pen of the now well-known Count Tolstoi, and shows his power in vivid representation of different phases of character. It is entitled "A Russian Proprietor and Other Stories." The first is a sketch of the plan of a novel, never finished and is, undoubtedly, autobiographical. Another story is an account of a gambler's career; there is a pathetic and amusing experience with a Tyrolese singer, a striking sketch of an insane musician, in all of which the personality of the writer is pronounced. Whether readers will all agree that this book, written as it undoubtedly was with great enthusiasm for his work, is the most artistic of his productions is by no means certain, but it can not do otherwise than please. This as well as the second one to be now spoken of was translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

"The Vagrant and Other Tales" has for its author a writer new to American readers but a favorite in Russia, where he stands first among younger writers. His name is Vladimir Korolenko, and judging from this book, it is destined to become as familiar this side of the water as is Tolstoi's. His work is exceedingly realistic in character. He photographs scenes in a few words, as in the following description of the approach of a storm: "It was a day very like this: The pines began to moan—generally they murmur, but before a storm they always moan—then silence for awhile—and then again the moaning, faster and faster, and more pitiful. Ella. That's because they know that the Master means to lay many of them low in the night. Later the oaks begin to murmur louder and louder, and by night comes the havoc; the Master runs to and fro, laughs and cries, whirls and dances, trying to uproot the oaks."

The publishers give the following account of this author: Vladimir Korolenko, like so many Russian authors, has had his draught of the bitter waters of Siberian exile. He was born in 1853, on the Polish border. After a struggle with poverty, his father and mother having died when he was very young, he became suspected by the police, and while still a student in Moscow was exiled to Siberia. In 1881, having refused to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III., he was sent to Yakutsk, where he continued three years. He had begun to write in 1879, but it was not until 1885 that he won enduring fame. Most of his popular tales are founded on his Siberian experiences, and it is largely from these that Mrs. Aline Delano (a cultivated Russian lady living in Boston) has selected the representative sketches that make up this charming volume.

"Family Living on $500 a Year," by Juliet Corson, is made up of a series of papers that have been running for sometime through Harper's *Bazar*. They have attracted considerable attention, not because they contain much that is new, but because the details of careful and good housekeeping upon limited means are here presented in a compact form, for the use of the many who may be benefited. It is particularly a book for young housekeepers, who find it a necessity to learn how to conduct their affairs upon a prudent basis. That there is anything impossible or wonderful in living comfortably upon $500 a year, when a fair degree of intelligence is exercised in arranging the expenses, very many people will deny, but the mode of doing it is presented here in a very feasible manner. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The same publishers issue "April Hopes," by W. D. Howells, which has appeared as a serial in *Harper's Monthly*. The story has many of the finer touches of the author, and yet, as a whole, it does not seem to us equal to some of his other works. One does not follow the characters with any great degree of devotion, but simply with an amused sort of interest, as if they were real, but personally indifferent members of society. That, however, is perhaps, a characteristic of all of Mr. Howell's characters. They never move one to the depths, but possess a languid sort of fascination that holds to the end. "April Hopes" will find many pleased readers.

"My Autobiography and Reminiscences" is another of Harper's recent publications, by W. P. Frith, R. A. It is the life of a painter of reputation who was born in a little village of Yorkshire, in the early part of the century. The story begins with his first effort at drawing, and goes on with the details of his preparation for a future career, his success, the great people whom he met, and of whom everybody likes to read, etc. The whole is told in a lively sort of way, and if somewhat rambling, not enough so to detract from its interest. The book is a very readable one.

"The Colonel's Money" is just such a pretty story as Lucy C. Lillie might be expected to make, one in which the heart grows warm with sympathy when reading of the trials of the pure hearted heroine and how she strove up to the highest purposes in the face of the temptations which a large fortune must inevitably bring. It is a book whose influence is good, while it is full of real interest. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

Number Eight of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" published by the Century company, New York, contains the following: Du Pont and the Port Royal Expedition" (Conclusion); "The First Sight of Iron-Clads," "Watching the Merrimac," "The Plan and Construction of the Merrimac," "Notes on the Monitor-Merrimac Fight," "In the 'Monitor's' Turret;" "The Building of the Monitor," "The Loss of the 'Monitor,'" "Negotiations for the Building of the 'Monitor,'" and "How the Gun-Boat 'Lonore' aided the 'Congress.'"

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, issue a very attractive little volume by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, who has already published a number of pleasant books upon domestic subjects. In this one, entitled "Bybury to Beacon Street," the village people introduced form a talking club for mutual improvement as the best means of making the winter evenings pass tripplingly. They propose and answer questions in a neighborly way striving to arrive at common sense solutions about marriage, cookery, recreation, work, overwork, fashion and household affairs generally. People are pushed hard with their duties and vocations, but are they doing the things that count? The Bybury people, who have a fair share of shrewdness and wit, debate and decide this subject to the best of their ability.

Literary Notes.

In the January *Lippincott's* Mr. Edgar Fawcett proposes to demolish "The Browning Craze." His paper is full of vigor and point.

Mr. Charles Mackay, LL.D., is about to publish his "Dictionary of Lowland Scotch," upon which he has been engaged for several years.

Mrs. Mulock-Craik's criticism, or rather eulogy, of Mary Anderson, which will appear in the next number of the *Woman's World*, is said to be the last thing she wrote.

At the annual trade sale of John Murray, which was held in London lately, 2,580 copies were sold to the booksellers of "The Life and Letters of Darwin."

Roberts & Shepard will issue immediately "Talks to Young Men: with Asides to Young Women," by the Rev. Robert Collyer, an entirely original book and not a publication of old sermons and addresses.

In the January number of the *American Magazine* William H. Bideing will have the first paper of a series on Boston artists and their studios, reproducing some of their paintings and showing their distinctive styles of art.

Mr. Howells is to pass the winter in Buffalo. One of the Buffalo papers state that Mr. Howells desires to be near his daughter, who is an invalid under treatment at the Danville Sanitarium.

The editorial supervision of the Anglo American edition of "Les Lettres et les Arts" has been instructed to M. P. Villars, the London correspondent of the *Journal des Debats*, of Paris.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, have just published a new story by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman. The scene is laid in Britain, in the first century, and the authors describe it as "an experiment in imaginative art."

In the forthcoming *January Century* the startling fact will be revealed that the keystone of Lincoln's Cabinet fell out on the eve of his inauguration. How, after that ceremony, Lincoln repaired the disaster will be told in the *Century* "Life," by his private secretaries, along with full details of the formation of the entire Cabinet.

The *Century* for January will have two Western papers. One by Lieut. Schwatka, with illustrations by George Inness, jr., entitled "An Elk Hunt on the Plains;" the other by E. V. Smalley, on "The Upper Missouri and the Great Falls," is illustrated by Farny.

The series of essays which Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for 1888 is well under way, the author's improved health in the Adirondack region enabling him to work with comfort. "A Chapter on Dreams" in the January number will be succeeded in February by "The Lantern Bearers," which is said to be filled with delicate fancy and delightful criticism.

H. C. Bunner, the author of "The Story of a New York House" and "The Midge" books which have gained him many friends and admirers—begins in *Scribner's Magazine* for January a new story under the title, "Natural Selection, a romance of Chelsea Village and East Hampton Town," which will be illustrated. It will run through three numbers.

A GREAT INVENTION.

A Revolution in the Culture of Silk—A Year Marked by the Creation of a New Industry.

This will be a memorable year for American farmers, for it will add the growth of another great staple to the domestic industries of the country, and so will add to the thrift and comfort of thousands of homes.

I allude to silk. It has always been known that the silk cocoon would flourish anywhere on our soil south of a line running from New York city to Chicago, but it was also known that the culture of it could not be profitably carried on until hard labor could be largely superceded by machinery.

That time has now come. A machine has been invented and built by an American which reels silk from the cocoon automatically, more accurately and skilfully than it has ever been reeled by hand by any trained oriental.

The machine is now in use in one establishment in the government filature here, and its introduction promises to effect just such an enormous and rapid growth in silk culture in this country as was effected in cotton culture by the invention of the cotton-gin.

When Eli Whitney set up in Georgia his first machine for separating seed from cotton 90 years ago, our national cotton crop was dwindling and slavery was in a fair way to become extinct, but that Yankee's ingenuity gave a tremendous impetus to cotton-growing and lent to slavery a solid foundation for more than half a century.

So the new machine of which the Commissioner of Agriculture is now using the first dorar will give a boom to the Bombay chrysolis and her silken cradle.

I went through the government filature, as the establishment for spinning the silk in skeins is called, erected for the purpose of demonstrating that silk can be reeled from the cocoons at a profit in this country. Some half a dozen girls are employed there, and the product of reeled silk is four times as great as the same hands could turn off anywhere else in the world.

Around the store room stand barrels and boxes of cocoons sent from all parts of the United States and varying in color from a pure cream to white, through variations of green robin's eggs, blue and yellow and deep orange.

He who makes a filament of silk grow where none grew before is the typical philanthropist. The first commissioner of agriculture, Mrs. Lincoln's favorite escort, Isaac Newton, put out some feelers in the direction of silk culture in the United States, and his successor, L'Due, of Minnesota, went considerably further in promoting the industry, but all their dreams were foolish and their schemes were futile, because there was no possible market for cocoons. There was no intelligent machine to supersede deft human fingers.

All of the area west of New England and south of the great lakes is favorable to the growth of cocoons of the first quality.

The government taxes the people $34,060,000 a year to promote silk manufacture, and the result is 100 factories armed with machinery so superior that silk woven in Paterson, N. J., is now sold at a profit in Paris and Lyons. From 1882 to 1886 there was an increase of $6,000,000 in the importation of raw or reeled silk, and a decrease of $12,000,000 in the importation of the manufactured fabric.

Two girls look out for two dozen machines. They reel silk at about one-third the usual expense. But besides this saving they perform the work better than it was ever done by hand, giving to the thread a uniformity of strength never before attained. This is effected through the agency of that mysterious auxiliary so patent in modern machinery, electricity.—*Wash. cor. Nashville American.*

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering and your friends of the disgusting and needless infliction of your loathsome disease.

A STRANGE CAPTURE.

A White Woman Rescued from a Tribe in Normandy.

A white woman discovered living among the blacks at Normandy has been brought into town. She was accidentally discovered by a man who was searching for some horses. He informed the police, and then a constable and two civilians rode to the camp. The woman ran into the bush on seeing the horsemen, but by the persuasion of the blacks she came back. She is apparently between 40 and 50 years of age, is gaunt and wrinkled, but very white. She seems to have forgotten all English. The police took the woman, who was quite nude, to the Normandy camp, where she was washed, fed and clothed. The following morning two constables started with her on horseback for Cooktown, and when seven or eight miles on the road a large number of blacks appeared, painted, and in a threatening attitude. One spear was thrown, but no one was hit. The constables fired two shots in the air, when the horse ridden by the woman became restive, ultimately throwing her. She fell heavily to the ground, and the blacks then resumed the attack; but the constables fired again, and they decamped. The woman was seriously injured by the fall, and is now in the hospital in a dying condition. She has not spoken since being brought in.—*Townsville (Queensland) Herald.*

Inventors who desire to obtain patents which will certainly protect their inventions, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

Advice to a Young Man.

And then, remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a spade or a yardstick, write books, dig ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, son, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men can not work so hard as that on the sunny side of 30. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p. m. and don't go home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives the appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men that do not work, my son, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, son, and take off your coat and make a dent in the world. Then the busier you are the less devilry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Hawkeye.*

Short Hand revolutionized. Taught by mail. Mastered in two months. Write for illustrated catalogue. W. O. Melton, St. Louis, Mo.

Thought She Knew Everything.

A rather amusing little bit of gossip is going the rounds of theatrical and musical circles. A couple of days since Miss Ellen Terry had the pleasure of meeting the little boy pianist, Josef Hofmann, who is now attracting the attention of the town by his marvelous skill on the piano. In the course of a few minutes' pleasant chat, the young virtuoso inquired:

"Do you speak French, madame?"

"I am sorry to say I do not," replied the actress with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Or German?" pursued the boy.

"I regret to confess, no!"

"You play the piano, then?" persisted little Hofmann, his face lighting up.

"There you have me again, my child," replied Miss Terry, with a touch of regret in her smile. "I do not play."

Little Hofmann's face fell as he said: "It is too bad, madame. You are so bright I thought you knew everything—*New York Sun.*

Short Hand revolutionized. Taught by mail. Mastered in two months. Write for illustrated catalogue. W. O. Melton, St. Louis, Mo.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

EVERYBODY will rejoice that health is returning to Anna Dickinson, after such a long and severe sickness. It comes slowly, but amid the balmy Southern airs, which she soon goes to seek, she will gather the strength that she needs, more rapidly, and the spring will find her ready for work again. It is said that her plans now include some literary ventures. Should this be so, there can be no doubt of her success. With her rich and varied experience, her wonderful command of language, her earnestness and enthusiasm, it would not be possible for her to write anything which would not command attention. What a book of absorbing interest she might produce about her experiences in those war days, when her burning words set her hearers' hearts to throbbing and beating with love for the imperilled country; when she kindled anew, wherever she spoke, the fires of a patriotism that glowed with a white heat until the nation's honor was saved. Then, later on when she took up the cause of womanhood, and later still when she turned her attention to dramatic work, she showed the brain-power whose vitality nothing save sickness unto death can lower. Yes, anything that Anna Dickinson may write will find a nation of readers.

It is a great pity that American women can not emulate their English sisters in one respect, that of calmness. They have a quietness of manner which is an exceeding contrast to the fussiness that characterizes the greater part of our own countrywomen. To be sure the brightness and piquancy of the latter are wanting; they are apt to grow heavy and dull with advancing years much more rapidly, but they possess a dignity which is generally wanting this side of the water. Mrs. John Sherwood ascribes the difference, first to the climate, then to the fact that their husbands are not so indulgent, and third, to their aristocratic form of government, which is, she says, a perpetual kiss of dignity, for if king and queens and nobles are not always models, they are supposed to be so, and the very supposition has its effect. Mrs. Sherwood may be right about the climate and form of government, but to say that the indulgence of husbands has caused the difference, is to place American women in the catagory of spoiled children from whom a necessary repression has been removed.

THE cause lies far more in the nervous ambition of our women which prompts them to constant activity, until strength is exhausted and the nerves assert their supremacy. There is a great deal of truth in what the same writer says later on in her discussion of the subject: "We are always in America trying to put everything on a level. There is perhaps no sea so dangerous to swim in as that tumultuous one of a new and illy-regulated prosperity and when one considers that half the women of America are obliged to endure the neuralgia in the face, keep up with the "always advancing spirit of the times," be beautifully dressed, read, write and cipher, play the piano, dance exquisitely, be haunted by the horrors of the intelligence office, to be always agreeable, to make the wilderness blossom like the rose, to be charitable in the highest sense not only with their money but in their judgments, "that they must never be grotesque, for they belong to a sex which can not afford to be grotesque," the American woman must be stamped with a special distinction. It is this trying to do so much in a limited time and with limited strength that causes so much of what is characterized as fussiness among our women.

To be a student of the Loisette method of memorizing is becoming a most popular thing in fashionable circles, and anything that has the stamp of fashion upon it is sure to arouse enthusiasm. But this method is really a very sensible thing and will aid in giving quickness to a weak memory. Poor memories are deplorably numerous, even among children, and in the latter case, it would seem a comparatively easy defect to remedy. Speaking of the defective memories found among the young, reminds me of a bright remark I once heard a small boy, almost a baby, make. He had been told to do some trifling errand which he had forgotten and upon being commanded said they must excuse him, because he did not have "a good remember, but a splendid forgetterer." Doubtless many grown people have a splendid "forgetterer" and if the Loisette method will correct this fault it would certainly seem an excellent thing to try. Classes are formed by people in the different cities and carried on by correspondence with the Professor in New York, but the exact course of study pursued is known only to those who have been students, as they are bound by oath not to reveal the secret. But, like all secrets in which a great many are concerned, something of the course has leaked out, and we find that a portion of the method is to commit a certain number of memory gems each day, increasing the number as the memorizing powers become greater and capable of retaining more matter.

ONE young lady who had been a student of the Loisette method, in order to convince some skeptical friends there really was "something in it "committed to memory in thirty-five minutes a list of one hundred words, none of them having the least connection, and dashed down at random by one of the persons present. At the end of that time she was able to repeat them backwards, as with the exception of one word, the difference which two any one word occurred. Three or four days after she still retained them in her memory. At that same sitting she memorized a list of twenty-five most difficult and obsolete words in nine minutes, and an hour later repeated them backwards to the friend who had jotted them down. Could anyone, not a student of the Loisette method, do as well? Another excellent way of training the memory is by looking in a shop window, to take in at a glance and remember as great a number of the objects of the window as it is possible for the eye to observe in passing. By a little practice it will become an easy thing to know every article contained, and be able to enumerate them.

AN enterprising young Bostonian has leased the Fifth Avenue theater in New York, and has announced that during his administration no ladies wearing hats or bonnets will be permitted to enter the parquette. It is the European rule, and it is to be rigidly enforced at the Fifth avenue. But whether the idea will prove a success or not remains to be seen. As the average theater-going woman prefers to attend in street dress and does not always wish to "do her front hair," when going to an evening's entertainment. In European cities where theater and opera going is made a full dress occasion, and is the custom, a hat or bonnet in the audience attracts as much notice as an uncovered head in this country. The American ladies have been so long in the habit of wearing everyday attire upon such occasions, brushing up their street suits and fastening a hat over their ruffled locks, thus making themselves presentable, that it hardly seems possible they will fall into the habit of making an extra toilet for an ordinary entertainment. It is really much more comfortable to sit through an evening's performance without any headgear, but it will probably take some little time before the average American woman will take kindly to the custom.

THE following is very good advice to be made the key-note of living by everybody, for the great cause of so many failures, is, without doubt, a lack of thorough work, a superficiality in effort which cannot grapple with, and overcome difficulties:

"If called to sing—sing;
If called to soar—soar;
If called to burrow—burrow;
But in everything,
In all and Forevermore,
Be thorough! Be thorough!

—The blood is the source of health. Keep it pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar in its curative power.

Never Use Slang.

"Miss Hauteur," said one of the pupils of an Indiana boarding school for young ladies to the principal, "we want to ask you a question before we recite."

"Certainly, my dears, ask as many as you wish."

Would one of we girls ever be justified in using slang?"

"You certainly would not," replied Miss Hauteur with quiet firmness.

"We frequently hear educated and cultivated people employ it in their conversation," insisted the young lady.

"That may be only too true, but it's no excuse. We cannot fall into all the ways practiced by even the so-called educated and cultivated. For my own part," continued the Principal, as she sat up very straight on the edge of the chair and glanced at the text-book she held in her hand and again raising her eyes; "for my part I will allow the boreal blasts to whistle through my whiskers a very long time before I will indulge in the use of slang."—*Chicago Tribune.*

If you have Asthma send to T. Popham & Co. Philadelphia, Pa., for a Free Trial Package of Popham's Asthma Specific. It gives instant relief. Established 20 years. Try it.

DARED TO BE TRUE.

A Great Physician Disregards the Mandates of Royalty.

Dr. Radcliff was the most celebrated physician of England in Queen Anne's time.

He amassed a very large fortune and was for many years the physician to the Queen as well as to most of the English nobility. For some reason the Queen took a dislike to him at one time, and dismissed him as Court physician. In her last illness, however, she sent for him.

He refused to obey the summons, declaring "since her Majesty's case is so desperate and her distemper incurable, I hardly think it proper to give her any disturbance in her last moments, so near at hand, but rather let her die as easy as possible."

Dr. Radcliff observed, a short time before his death, "when I was young and yet unskilled in medicine, I possessed at least twenty remedies for every disease; but, now, since I have grown old in the art of healing, I know more than twenty diseases for which I have not even a single remedy."

The late Dr. Holland, who was an educated physician, some years before he died said in Scribner's Monthly: "It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures, and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, who seldom prescribed any medicine, wrote to the proprietor of Warner's safe cure, "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use your preparation. The testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leave room to doubt that you have fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring aid to suffering humanity."

Dr. R. A. Gunn, Dean of the U. S. Medical College of New York, some time since wrote and published: "The ingredients of Warner's safe cure are among the most valuable medicines of our materia medica, and the combination is such as to insure the best possible action on the kidneys and urinary organs."

Dr. W. E. Robson, of London, late surgeon in the Royal Navy, wrote to the *Family Doctor*: "Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all other medicines ascertainable to the profession."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E. editor of *Health*, London, Eng., advises a correspondent of his paper: "Warner's safe cure is perfectly safe and perfectly reliable."

These are physicians so skilled, so independent, so free from the conscientious teachings of their noble profession that they dare tell the truth, to Kings or Queens of the whole world.

HER MARKETING.

Extraordinary Experience of an Æsthetic Housekeeper.

She was a graduate of Girton college, England, and when she married Julius Augustus Smythe, was very much like another young lady who has been embalmed in song:

Miss Pallas Andora von Blurky,
Who didn't know chicken from turkey,
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

However, she told Julius Augustus that she was a good housekeeper because her mother and grandmother were, and it ran in the family. So, on the strength of this, he went into housekeeping. She bought a sweet little morocco-covered note-book and an embroidered market basket, and carried a gold pencil, wore an æsthetic morning costume, and appeared like a vision of delight before the magnates at the Central market.

"Oh, the dear, sweet, cunning little pigs," she exclaimed, stopping at an aldermanic stand where several little roasters were on exhibition. "I'll take a couple of these; how much are they a pair?"

"A sovereign for two," was the realistic answer.

"Isn't that rather high? I guess I'll take a yard of beefsteak instead, and some—Oh, yes—some sweet breads. Julius said he wanted some nice fresh ones, please, with plenty of raisins in them."

Then she stepped over to a poultry stall. "Have you any chickens?" she asked of the woman in attendance.

"Heaps of them," was the reply.

"How much do they cost a heap?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Two shillings apiece, mam."

"I will send a piece to my residence," and she turned to the next stall and picked up some little packages that looked very nice. "What is this sweet stuff that smells so lovely?" she asked of a red-headed boy behind the table.

"Limburger, Miss, and its just splendid; tastes ever so much better than it smells—have one?"

She took one, and then asked the boy where they sold their quail on toast.

"Ain't any in the market," answered the young reprobate. "Mother's gone after a load, though, and we'll send you some soon as they're in."

"What are these lovely navy blue berries?" she inquired. "They will just match my clothes, and you may send me a bushel."

Finally she decided to try a quart, which she carried herself in the artistic basket.

"Have you any hen fruit?" she asked sweetly of an old fellow in a white apron.

He scratched his ear with a pencil for a moment. "Mebbe you mean eggs?" he volunteered.

These she also took charge of, as she wanted to make an omelet for Julius Augustus.

But she never did; or rather when she got home, the omelet was made with a liberal admixture of blackberries; and the front of her æsthetic dress was ruined. Added to this was an odor which sent Julius into spasms and frightened the cat to death. The limburger had melted.

The Girton girl did justice to the high Spanish and Greek in the explanation that followed, and the next day they burned the morocco notebook and went to boarding.

Best facilities for Shorthand, Business Training and Penmanship, Business University, Indianapolis, Ind. Elegant Catalogue free. Mention Blade.

GRANDMA TAUGHT HIM.

A Broker Wins a Bet by Eating a Hundred Eggs at One Sitting.

At the Hoffman House, last night, a party sat at a table in the art gallery making wagers each on his own particular trick. A young broker, who spent last summer with his grandmother in Jersey, won a pocketful of greenbacks on a trick taught him by the good old lady. He had lost considerable money on catch bets when he offered to wager any one in the party that he could eat more eggs than any other three men present, providing he was permitted to have the last turn. A doctor, a coroner and a bank teller took the bet. After a brief discussion the three gentlemen decided to tackle fried eggs. He repaired to an all-night restaurant on Sixth avenue, famous for the encounters which men about town have had within its portals, and ordered a batch. Every man ate, and the waiter handed a check for several dozen.

Then the young broker that had learned a thing or two from his Jersey grandmother directed the cook to crack and spill into a large pan 100 fresh eggs. Before putting the eggs into the pan, however, he ordered that it be half filled with vinegar. His instructions were carried out. After allowing the mixture to cook a reasonable time the cover was lifted and the eggs placed in a big dish. By permission of the proprietor the gentlemen interested had watched the cooking. When the eggs were brought forth every one except the man with the Jersey grandmother gave vent to ejaculations of astonishment. The 100 eggs could be conveniently put into an ordinary teacup. Then the owner ate them in half a dozen swallows.

"There's a hole in the pan," yelled one of the party.

"No there ain't. I'll explain. The vinegar has eaten them. It is a fact. You can drop a thousand eggs into a bottle with a little vinegar in it and you will find that when cooked in it the eggs will disappear as if by magic."—*N. Y. Mail.*

No person on earth should suffer Throat Trouble, Catarrh or Catarrhal Deafness. My Medico Electric Battery cures. Write for testimonials. Dr. Burnham, Buffalo, N. Y.

A fire which started yesterday afternoon destroyed half the town of Houma, La. The burned buildings include 28 business houses and 100 dwellings. The loss is $100,000; insurance insignificant. Hundreds of homeless families were cared for by their more fortunate neighbors.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

OLD COMRADES MEET.

M. X. MOLINE.

Take a chair, old man, sit down I pray,
There's a change in you, old man, I say,
Since the day we tramp'd through Georgia's fields,
And time has cut you some rough old deals
Since then, old man, I plainly see.
There's a change in you as well as me.
Yes, I see you're stiff and shaky, too,
And I'm gettin' there myself as well as you.
Look up, old man, see my hair is white,
When I parted you 'twas black as night.
What! blind did you say? Old man that's hard,
Well, give us your hand again old pard.
Draw nearer to the fire and we
Will have a chat and try to be
As cheerful as in days long ago,
When sat we down by the camp fire's glow.
These were rough old times, as well you know,
When we fought the Rebs 'mid ice and snow.
But company G's was a jolly crew,
And a braver lot never wore the blue,
And you were the light and life of us then
The boys declared so time and again.
You reckon the night before Bull Run,
And the boys were feeling sort o' glum,
When you sang that song 'bout "Home and Mother;"
How that pale faced chap, our Cap'ns brother,
Broke down with crying, then fled away
To hide the tears he could not stay.
Oh, well I remember that fatal day,
When his young life fast ebbed away.
'Twas you who knelt and held his head,
"Home and Mother" was all he said.
Cheer up old man, you're a soldier brave,
Hearts like yours did the Union save,
And while I've a home, old comrade mine,
'Tis yours as well to the end of time.
So give us your hand, and before we go,
Just sing me a song as you did long ago.

How sweet to find,
When helpless and blind,
One friend that has ever been true.
One heart that still beats for you.

To feel the grasp,
And the warmly clasp,
Of a hand ever ready to share
The cross a brother's destined to bear.

How sweet to hear,
Midst a cold world's jeer,
A voice of welcoming near,
Glad'ning the heart, yet bringing a tear.

As I ponder it o'er,
The conflict of yore,
Methinks that the bitterest strife,
The direst of all, is the "battle of life."
Chicago, Ill.

The Republican War a Failure.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have long been a subscriber to the BLADE and a reader of the CAMP FIRE, where I have always looked on with a great deal of interest, and will now ask admittance into the fraternal circle, and instead of throwing on the time-honored rail for a light, I will open the vive and let the sparks fly up from our hallowed gas well in this vicinity, so that we may have it as light as day.

I was a member of the old Hard Tack regiment, from Chattaranqus and Chattauqua counties, and unless some other member comes forward and tells why this name was given to the 154th N. Y. Vols., I will give it at some future time. As we are nearing and looking forward to the great battle that will be fought a year from now, I want to take you back boys, to the summer of 1864, when you all, the 84th Illinois in front of Atlanta, and hearing cheers within the rebel line, we called over to their skirmishers and asked the news, and were informed that they were cheering for the Chicago platform of the Democratic party, which had just resolved that the war under the Republican administration had been a failure. The rebels had "the news first, via Richmond, and it was confirmed by the news in our papers when the mail arrived, before night. How much the 154th New York Volunteers endorsed the war failure policy, was illustrated a few months later while quartered within the captured city of Atlanta, when they voted for President that fall, and their ballots were mailed to New York.

Our regiment had been reduced by the terrible battles we had passed through until there were only about 100 men present for duty, and the record of that vote is that there was only three ballots cast for the Democratic nominee, the balance being cast for that grand old Father to us boys, Abraham Lincoln. And living in the midst of that old regiment, I think that same ratio to-day would be kept if we had the opportunity to vote for that illustrious son, Robert Lincoln, for President of the United States.—ALEX BISEL, late 1st lieut. 154th N. Y. Vols., Ellicottville, N. Y.

Capturing a Hospital.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Having been a constant reader of the BLADE and a comrade for a long time, I thought perhaps I could give the boys a chunk to help make the kettle boil. And as the best part of the story come last, I shall have to tell how I came there to hear it.

On May 12, 1863, at the battle of Raymond, Miss., I was wounded in the knee and left with other wounded comrades, while the army marched on to Vicksburg. On the 24th of May our hospitals were surrounded by the 3d, 6th and 9th Texas and the 8th Mississippi, who charged into town with drawn cheesknives and bristling shotguns and demanded our unconditional surrender, which, of course, we did, as we were unable for want of legs, arms and eyes to defend our position. I have often thought I would not like to be in another such a surrender, for it implies too much, or, at least, it did in this case, for we not only lost our ability to fight but almost our ability to live, which we discovered at the first meal after the surrender. Oh my, what poor cooks and providers the Johnnies were! Just run your eye over the bill of fare and see how you would like it, and that without pepper, salt or vinegar to boot: Breakfast—coarse unsifted corn meal made into paddies, (no soda) water; dinner—water and some of the same corn meal baked in a luke-warm oven, with a tin full of maggoty soup for desert, the latter to be "shaken before taken," with closed eyes so as not to choke on the filling. Ugh! I have never been able to eat corn bread, nor rice since. The above condition continued to exist until after the surrender of Vicksburg, when the Johnnies skedaddled and left us to take care of ourselves. On the 8th of July, I, with others started for Black River, distant 18 miles, which feat I performed in a day and a half on a rude pair of crutches whittled out of a church bench with a jack-knife. I can not enter into the details of the trip, nor the night in the swamp, among the alligators, or I might spend a week, but hasten to say that I made connections with a train at Black River for Vicksburg, where I reported to the lamented John A. Logan, (than whom no brave or better man ever wore shoulder straps or drank from the same canteen), who secured us transportation to St. Louis. And now comes more particularly why I write this letter. While in St. Louis, at the St. Charles Hotel bar one day with a lot of soldiers, I heard the following toast, which I have never seen in print, nor never heard any other man repeat, as follows: "Here is to Jeff Davis. May he be set afloat in an open boat, without compass, paddle or pilot, to be swallowed by a shark, that shark by a whale, the whale in the devil's belly, the devil in hell, the door locked and the key lost, and may he be chained in the northeast corner and a southwest wind blow ashes in his eyes to all eternity. Damn him."—J. H. WADDELL, Co. E, 20th O. V. V. I., Wauseon, O.

From an Ohio Veteran.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been waiting lo these many years to hear from some of the old 44th O. V. I., or 85th O. V. C., but up to the present time I have heard nothing. Can it be that I am the only one living, or is it that they are like myself, too poor scholars? I have no pine knots, nor top rails, as Lieut. Colbuck H. Blair Wilson used to say, but I can throw on a dry buffalo chip. I enlisted September 9, 1861, in Co. G, 44th O. V. I., and was with them in all their campaigns. I was at Lewisburg, and all the scouts in the mountains, and in the famous Liteburn retreat, from the head to the mouth of the great Kanawka in Virginia, then sent with the regiment to Kentucky and participated at Buell's fill in the famous Bragg-Buell charge under Major O. A. Mitchel, as good a man as ever gave command, and in all the operations against Peagran and with Burnsides to Knoxville, through the siege and to Strânberg plains, where the regiment reinlisted and went home and left me. When the regiment came back I rejoined them at Charleston, Va., and was with them through the Valley under Averel until sent home. Now I want to hear or get the name and address of every man in Co. G. I learn that the most of my company officers are dead, and my mind now runs back to the time when I took leave of that most particular friend of mine, Major J. W. Shaw, at Beverly, just after he was wounded. He was a splendid officer, but I learn he too is dead. As to the rebel flags, I say as they are useless only as trophies, let them be where they are, and if Grover makes another attempt to send them back, let Gov Foraker demand Ohio's share and take care of them at Columbus. I think we will have something to say about them. Now as to the next President, I am for Lincoln since we lost our wheel horse, Logan. I think the government should pay each and every soldier a bounty, so much per month, for the time he served, and up to the present, or as long as said soldier shall live. Attention, Co. G, arise and let us hear either by letter or through the CAMP FIRE.—E. M. BENSON, Co. G, 44th O. V. I., Nelson, Neb.

Foraging on the Foragers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will stir up the fire a little and see if some of the old 3d Missouri-boys won't come to the light. And now for my story. Boys, you all know the old picket post at the bayou, on the Benton road, below Little Rock, and the little bridge across the bayou. This is the place where the fun comes in. Well, Lieut. Hill was in charge of the picket, and a squad of new recruits belonging to the 4th Arkansas, or the "riding regiment," as they used to say, came up. They, by this time, had learned to forage, and Hill passed them out. They were successful, and came back loaded down with hams and other good things to eat, and the lieutenant, thinking to have some fun, took a few of the boys down to the bayou near the bridge and placed them in ambush with instructions, when the foragers came back, to fire up in the trees over them, which they did, and, at the first volley, the hams began to fall, and the riding regiment put spurs to their horses and the lieutenant captured the hams. Now, boys, wake up and let's hear from you through the BLADE, and let's flatten out old Grover in '88 as flat as the preacher flattened out his congregation when he prayed that the ile of Potmas might rest upon them.—J. J. DECKER, Co. M., 3d Mo. Cav., Quincy, Taney county, Mo.

An Echo from Illinois.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was glad to at last find an article in the CAMP FIRE from one of the soldiers of the old 33d. My father served during the war in that regiment, and died two years after the close of the war. He was a member of Co. D. Capt. G. George, of Co. D., was thrown from a wagon a few weeks ago and instantly killed. He lived in South York township, this county. So, first one, then another, are dropping by the wayside. The old flag of the 33d, torn and ragged, occupies a place, with many others, at the State House in Memorial Hall, showing by its condition that the regiment was not always camping in green pastures.—THE SON OF A VETERAN, Pana, Christian Co., Ill.

For Robert Lincoln.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am a constant reader of the BLADE and the CAMP FIRE department. I never have written to the CAMP FIRE before. I am for Robert Lincoln in 1888, or any other man that can beat Grover. I enlisted in 1861, served four years, cast my first vote for old Abe and never voted for a Democrat in my life, and never will. Boys of the 50th Ills., let

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, by inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No discussion will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Warren at Spottsylvania.

Mr. M. O'Brien, Sodalia, Mo.:

1. Where did Gen. Sanborn get his information that "an entire army corps disobeyed orders at Spottsylvania, and delayed the capture of Lee for a year?" 2. Who was Sir Mac Donald?

1. It is a matter of regret to discredit so eminent an authority as General Sanborn, but no such instance as he mentions is given in any credible account of the Spottsylvania engagement now in print. Gen. Warren's part in it we find that he places the occurrence on the day of the crisis at Spottsylvania"—which was May 12—and by other allusions in the context it is plain that his reference is to Warren's delay in bringing forward his 5th corps on that morning; but the fact is that Warren, though undoubtedly over-cautious and slow on that occasion, did make more than one attack though they proved unsuccessful. Let us take the testimony of two historians on the subject. First, that of Badeau, who, we may believe, states the full extent of Warren's act, since on more than one occasion he criticises that officer's conduct as a corps commander with some severity. Of his action at Spottsylvania, Badeau says: "Warren had been ordered to attack before eight o'clock in order to relieve the troops who had preceded him on the right; but his disposition seemed slow, and the instructions were repeated again and again in the most peremptory manner. Both Grant and Meade were greatly chagrined at his delay, for it was losing all the advantages that Hancock's brilliant achievement had obtained; and finally at 10:30 a. m. Grant directed Meade in writing: 'If Warren fails to attack promptly, send Humphreys to command his corps and relieve him.' At last, on the right of the line, Warren was spurred to an attack by which, however he accomplished nothing. After this first failure he made three other feeble attempts to assault, but, predicting unsuccess, he sent his troops on one occasion retiring before artillery alone. Finally, there seemed no chance of acquiring any advantage in this quarter of the field. Grant now determined to throw his weight to the right on the 19th." The general-in-chief was confirmed in his belief that there had been no important force in front of Warren, and Hancock's command was ordered to that point to have been successful earlier in the day. Warren's after movements were made under verbal orders from Humphreys, the chief of staff of the army of the Potomac, who, as he took on the other side of the shield. Badeau lays great stress on his belief—which he says was also Grant's—that the rebel force in front of Warren was not large. But Badeau was not present on the right of our army at that memorable occasion, and Humphreys, who was there, and who transmitted all the orders of the commander-in-chief to Warren, was overlooking his movements, and gave orders for the execution of his assaults when it became plain that they could not succeed—gives a quite different impression. He says: "Early in the morning of the 19th, Gen. Warren opened with all his artillery, and pressed forward his infantry to attack. The intrenchments of the enemy gave no sign of having been stripped of any of their troops to meet Hancock's and Wright's attacks on the salient, but the manner in which the contest there was carried on and the reinforcements the enemy received, together with the fact that Burnside was attacking on the east face of the salient, led to the conclusion that what the enemy could not be very strong in Warren's front, and at 9:15 a. m., he was ordered to attack at once at all hazards with his whole force that could be spared. Accordingly, he moved to do so, and assaulted, but was repulsed, for Longstreet's corps was holding its intrenchments in force, the only change made in his line being the extension of his right. * * * Immediately after the repulse of Warren's attack he was directed to send Gen. Cutler's division to Gen. Wright, and he prepared to follow with his whole corps." This was the understanding up to 10:30 a. m., but Humphreys, on the ground, says was ordered at 9:15 a. m.—(subscribed as "two violent assaults between 9 and 10 o'clock." Part of Warren's troops had to march over a long open piece of ground in full view of the enemie's batteries to make their attack. General Bratton, a Confederate officer, says that "they advanced beautifully to within two or three hundred yards of the intrenchments, when the musketry and artillery fire was opened that broke them." 2. Sir Francis MacClinton was an Irish arctic explorer; born 1849.

Barometers.

J. C. Dickenson, Remington, Ind.:

Will you please tell me the materials used in the ordinary barometer that is sold to farmers, and also the principle involved in the changes which it undergoes.

The fundamental principle of the construction of the barometer is best shown in the experiment which led Torricelli to the first discovery of the presence of the air. A glass tube about 33 inches long, open at one end, is completely filled with mercury by a funnel. The open end, the thumb is inverted and placed vertically in a cup containing mercury. When the thumb is removed the mercury sinks in the tube till it stands, generally, about 30 inches above the level of the mercury in the cup, leaving in the upper part a space free of air which receives the name of the Torricellian vacuum. The mercury within the tube being less removed from the pressure of the air, while that in the cup is exposed to it, the column falls till the pressure at the section of the hole, in the same plane as the surface of the mercury in the cup, is the same within and without. The column may have yet no better index of the pressure of the atmosphere than the simple mercurial column of Torricelli, and in all exact observations it is taken as the only reliable standard. Simple as the barometer is, and easy of construction, considerable care and experience. It is of the first importance that the mercury to be used is chemically pure, otherwise its fluidity is impaired and the indications vitiated by foreign impurities in such a way as to render correct observations impossible. Mercury, as usually sold, is not pure; and before being employed for barometers, must be shaken well with highly diluted but pure nitric acid, to remove extraneous metals and oxides. In filling the tube, it is essentially necessary to get the column free from air and moisture. To effect this, the mercury, after filling, is boiled in the tube, so that air and moisture may be expelled. Barometers are usually divided into two classes—cistern barometer and siphon barometer. The siphon barometer is in many respects a more perfect instrument than the cistern. The wheel barometer, originally invented for clocks, and generally seen as a mere ornament, has little to recommend it as a trustworthy instrument. The uses of the barometer may be classified into physical, hypsometrical, and meteorological. It is of essential importance in all physical researches where the mechanical, optical, acoustical, and chemical properties of air or other gases are dependent on the pressure of the atmosphere. Its uses in hypsometry, or the art of measuring the heights of mountains, is very valuable, but the best known use of the barometer, is as a meteorological instrument, or as a weather-glass. Opticians have attached to certain heights of the barometer certain states of the weather, and at certain points of the scale the words "Rain," "Changeable," "Fair," etc., are marked; but the connection thus instituted is very misleading. He who has the barometer must carefully note the direction of barometric heights with changes of weather, discard entirely the use of these words, and state that is not the actual height of the barometer at any place, but this height as compared with that of surrounding regions, which indicates the coming weather. Generally speaking, a falling barometer indicates rain, a rising barometer, fair weather. A steady barometer foretells a continuance of the weather at the time; when low this is generally broken or bad, and when high, fair. A sudden fall usually precedes a storm, the violence of which is in proportion to the barometric gradient. An unsteady barometer shows an unsettled state of weather; gradual changes, the approach of some permanent condition of it. The variations must also be interpreted with reference to the prevailing winds, each different wind having some peculiar rules. The connection between the changes of weather and the pressure of the atmosphere is by no means well understood.

Carrier Pigeons.

J. McConticle, Lapier, Ind.:

1. Will the BLADE tell a subscriber how carrier pigeons are trained? 2. Who was Leopold and

[illegible] not known with what nation the use of carrier pigeon originated, but there is no doubt that the custom is very ancient. The Romans used the birds for this purpose, and Marco Manbewide, one of the earliest travellers from Europe to the orient, states that he [illegible] used in the same way among the Tartars. We have the assertion of the poet Tasso for believing that they were employed during the siege of Jerusalem in 1099, and it is an undoubted historical fact that they were used during the crusade of St. Louis in 1250. The most remarkable instance of the use of carrier pigeons in modern times was during the siege of Paris, in 1870. They have been more generally used in Turkey than in any other country for many centuries, and the art of training them is understood to be carried to its greatest perfection there. The trainer takes the pigeons when they have acquired full strength of wing in a covered basket to a distance of about half a mile from their home; here they are set at liberty and thrown into the air, and if any fail in returning home from this short distance they are regarded as naturally stupid, and no time is wasted in endeavoring to train them. Those that do come home are trained by being taken to greater distances, progressively increased to forty or fifty miles. When the bird is able to accomplish this flight he may be trusted to fly any distance over-land, within the limits of physical power. This drilling must be begun very early, or even the best breeds of birds will not become good carriers. "It is the general plan to keep the birds in a dark room for some hours before they are used. They are then fed sparingly, but are given all the water they will drink. The paper on which the message is written is then care fully tied round the upper part of the bird's leg, or to one of the large feathers of the tail, so as not to impede its flight in any way. The feet are washed in vinegar, to keep them from getting too dry during the bird's flight so as to tempt it to descend to water and run the risk of getting is message wet. The ordinary rate of flight for a carrier pigeon is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, though instances of much more rapid flight are on record. The pigeon, when thrown up into the air, at first flies round and round. This is evidently for the purpose of sighting some landmark that it knows. When this is perceived the bird instantly flies toward it, and as their familiar landmarks come gradually into sight, continues its journey on till its home is reached. If no landmarks is perceived the bird is bewildered and lost and finally returns to the earlst again. 2—Leopold Zung, is a distinguished Jewish preacher at Berlin, and Prunge, editor of the *Spenersche Zeitung*, and author of many works, commissioner for Jewish education on Prussia; born at Detmold, 1794.

Robert Emmet's Lady Love.

Mrs. B., Meriden, Ill.:

1. Will you please tell me who Robert Emmet married. 2. What are the Martello towers?

1. Robert Emmet was never married, but was affianced, a short time before his death, to Miss Sarah Curran, a daughter of the noted Irish orator. She was a young girl, but 18 years old at the time, beautiful and accomplished, and of singularly sweet temper and gentleness of character. A most tender attachment existed between the lovers, and it is probable that Emmet, after the disastrous end of his first attempt at rebellion, could have escaped safely from the country had he not lingered long enough for a last interview with Miss Curran before his departure. He was then apprehended, tried, and convicted of high treason. Emmet's attachment for Miss Curran, and frequent letters to her, had brought her father under suspicion, a fact which he resented by treating the young girl with severity, forbidding her to mention Emmet's name, and keeping her under restraint. After the execution of her lover, Miss Curran sank into a condition of hopeless melancholy. She was so unhappy at her home, feeling herself under her father's displeasures, that a sister took her to York and placed her with a kind Quaker family. While here she met an English officer, Captain Sturgeon, who was touched by her friendliness, grief, and beauty that he sought her hand in marriage. She told him that her heart was broken, but he pressed his suit, and, having followed her to the continent, whither her friends took her for her health, he succeeded in winning her consent to their union. They were pursued by Curran's brother, who was most unkind to his young wife, and did everything in his power to make her happy, but her great sorrow had snapped the springs of life, and she died about two years after her marriage. It was concerning Miss Curran that Thomas Moore composed one of the most beautiful of his Irish melodies, as follows:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

"He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

"Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
Where they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow."

2. Martello Towers, are round towers for coast defense, about 40 feet high, built most solidly, and situated on the beach. They occur in several places around the coast of the United Kingdom. They were mostly erected during the French war, as a defense against invasion.

Daniel O'Connell.

P. C. H., Valparaiso, Ind.:

Will you please give us lengthy a biography as possible of Daniel O'Connell?

Daniel O'Connell, born near Cahirciveen, County Kerry, Ireland, August 9, 1775. His school reputation was high; but he was driven from St. Omer, France, by the revolution, and, in 1794, entered the law school of Lincoln's Inn, London. Subsequently, and when, by degrees, the Roman Catholic party began to rally from the prostration into which they had been thrown through the rebellion of 1790 and its consequences, O'Connell was drawn into public political life. In all the meetings of his co-religionists for the prosecution of their claims he took a part, and his unquestioned ability soon made him a leader. He was an active member of all the successive associations which under the various names of "Catholic Board," "Catholic Committee," etc., were organized for the purpose of procuring the removal of the civil disabilities of the Catholic body. Of the Catholic Association he was himself the originator; and although his supremacy in its councils was occasionally challenged by some aspiring associates, he continued till its tremendous power to its dissolution. By means of this association and the "Catholic Rent," which it was enabled to raise, he created a formidable organization throughout Ireland. His eminence as a public speaker was universally as a master of popular eloquence, is universally admitted. He died at Genoa, May 15, 1847.

Miscellaneous.

C. H. B., Bryan, Texas: Address your request to some of the Galveston steamship companies.

L. B., New Washington, O.: It would take the whole of one issue of the BLADE to answer your questions.

E. Writers, Carthage, Dak.:

Please give the address of Governor Swineford, of Alaska.

Sitka, Alaska.

A. Maxwell, Perry, Ia.:

Please give date of original Black Friday and oblige.

See answer to J. B., Deland, Ill., in BLADE of March 31.

C. A. S., Plainview, Ills.:

From whence and how can a stone be procured to mark the grave of a soldier in the late war?

See answer to John R. B., Napoleon, O., in BLADE of Oct. 20.

J. C. Chapman, Jasper, Mo.:

1. Was the story of "A File of Infantry Men" ever published in book form? 2. Has Wisconsin got 56 counties or 60?

1. No. 2. It had 60 in 1884.

J. H. P., Ben Davis, Ind.:

Please tell when Ohio was admitted into the Union. Some historys differ.

Ohio was admitted as a state in 1803; it had been a territory for 15 years before that.

Leleen DeLain, Paxico, Mo.:

Who is, or was, Senor Romero, so often mentioned at the time of Grant's death as his intimate friend?

He was a warm friend of Gen. Grant, and was minister of Mexico to this country.

J. C. M., Dakota, Wis.:

1. Where was Jenny Lelnd buried? 2. Have the district board the right to allow a teacher to keep school on holidays or Saturdays?

1. In one of the cemetery vaults near Berlin. 2. It should be so written in your state.

C. A. Walter, New Berlin, Pa.:

What causes new and full moon, and why is only a small part of the moon visible at new moon?

Any elementary work on astronomy will explain it fully. We cannot take space here to do so.

M. L., Hope, Kan.:

Please give me an account of hydrophobia, or is there really such a disease?

It is a disease of the nerves, and the sufferer undergoes terrible agony, dying in spasms. Horses as well as the higher order of animals, have been afflicted with it.

D. D., Medland, Mich:

I own property in a district in which the school officials have employed an unqualified teacher; under the circumstances am I obliged to pay my school tax?

You will have to consult some lawyer as to the law in your state on that matter.

P. S., Iwandahl, Iowa:

Will you kindly inform a subscriber whether an orphan boy, born in Norway, and when he came to this country at the age of 6, was adopted by a family who are citizens of the United States, will need naturalization papers before he can become a voter?

He will.

G. S., Worton, Kan.:

Are the statements and table enclosed correct. Myself and many other Republican exsoldiers would like to know.

The above was discussed in full in the editorial columns of the BLADE last summer, and the falsity of the statements shown. We can not republish.

H. Gunderson, Onalaska, Wis.:

Please tell me the leading battles of the Revolution.

The leading and decisive battles of the Revolution were: Lexington, Bunker Hill, White Plains, N. Y., Trenton, N. J., Princeton, N. J., Bennington, Vt., Bemis Heights, N. Y., Stillwater, N. Y., Monmouth, N. J., Kings Mountain, S. C., Cowpens, S. C., Eutaw springs, S. C., Yorktown, Va.

W. B. G., Delta, O.:

A reader of your valuable paper has some reason to think that he has property left him in England, and is now in the chancery bank of England. Will you please tell me how to ascertain whether there is not?

The American minister has been officially informed that there is no money belonging to reclaimed estates in the Bank of England, which is what you mean, as there is no "chancery bank."

J. M. J., Denver, Colo.:

Were the anarchists of Chicago drunk May 4, when they threw the bomb?

There are a great many anarchists in Chicago and it would be hard to tell whether they were all intoxicated on May 4. If you mean the seven convicted men—two of whom went to the penitentiary for life, one committed suicide, and four were hanged—it can be said that there was no evidence offered to show that any of them threw any bombs, or were or were not intoxicated. They were not convicted for throwing bombs, but for inciting, by inflammatory speeches, others to throw them. Under the Illinois law (and it's a good law) a man who incites a fellow being to commit murder, is guilty also of murder himself.

Charles Berry, Clanton, Iowa:

1. Please tell us what you can of Nathan Hale. 2. Tell what you can of John Randolph. Why is "of Roanoke" usually placed after his name?

1. Nathan Hale, an American patriot, was born in Connecticut in 1755. He sacrificed his life for this country by crossing over to Long Island after the American defeat there, and endeavoring to obtain knowledge of the enemy's plans and position for the information of Washington. He obtained the knowledge, but was arrested by the British before he could return, and the papers containing the information being found upon his person, he was hanged as a spy, by order of Sir William Howe, 1776. 2. John Randolph, an American statesman, was born at Carsons, Va., in 1773. He was descended from an ancient and wealthy family and boasted that the Indian princess Pocahontas was one of his ancestors. He embracee the profession of the law, and in 1799 was elected to Congress. He was the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, but quarreled with Jefferson. In 1825 he was chosen U. S. Senator from Virginia, and in 1830 appointed minister to Russia. By his will he manumitted 318 slaves, and provided for their maintenance in a free state. Died in 1833.

Bay Sue, Meadow Creek, Ky.:

1. Please inform me through the BLADE where Wofford college is. 2. Can you tell something of the history of the handkerchief?

1. Wofford college, Spartansburg, S. C., was chartered in 1851, organized 1853, and owes its existence to Rev. B. Wofford, who gave $100,000 for its foundation. It is under M. E. supervision. 2. Nothing is more curious in the history of handkerchiefs than the period when French women were supposed to be innocent of the existence of such an article, the handkerchief then being tabooed in polite conversation. It was beyond the daring of an actor or actress to exhibit a handkerchief on the stage, however tearful the dramatic situation might be. Hilla, Duchenois was bravo enough to break the rule by carrying a handkerchief in her hand, but when the exigencies of the scene compelled an allusion to the obnoxious piece of cambric, she spoke of it as a "light lifeau." Many years afterward cries of indignation saluted the utterances of the awful word in DeVigne's adaptations of Shakspeare. Josephine, the empress, brought it also to an end. She had bad teeth, and to hide them she adopted the custom of carrying a small square handkerchief, bordered with costly lace, which she was constantly raising to her lips. The fashion of the court imitated the habit, the handkerchief was elavated to the important position it has ever since maintained in the feminine toilet. After the Empress Josephine was divorced in 1809, she retired to her beautiful seat at Malmaison, where she and her Indies worked daily on embroidered handkerchiefs, which were frequently interchanged as tokens of friendship. One of which is silk, embroidered in roses—the work of her own needle—she presented to the empress of Russia.

J. H. Magruder, Iona, Mich.:

1. Give a brief sketch of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 2. What is a mad-apple?

1. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is about 36 years of age. She was born at Johnstown, Rock county, Wisconsin. Her father was a Vermonter, but settled in Johnstown in the year 1848. Ella grew to womanhood near the village of Windso, Wis. She was the youngest of five children. Her love of literature she inherited from her mother. When 13 years of age she began to write poetry. In time she found confidence to send her verses here and there for publication. She received no financial return for her early efforts, but gradually won the fame which led to handsome remuneration. At the present time she is in receipt of a good income, and her residence, at Short Beach, Conn., is one of the prettiest and best, not to say most luxurious, homes in that place. The book by which Mrs. Wilcox is best known is "Poems of Passion." When the work was published she was given a reception at the Academy of Music in Milwaukee, and $500 was presented to her by her admirers. Her volume of temperance poems, "Drops of Water," has many admirers. A novel from her pen, "Maria Monlee," is less known. It contains some of her best verses. A few years ago Ella Wheeler—this was her maiden name—was married to Mr. Wilcox, who, although a man of business, interests himself greatly in the literary pursuits of his wife. Their courtship was almost entirely by letter. A happier couple it would not be possible to find. The writer of "Poems of Passion" looks younger than she really is. Her figure is slight and girlish, crowned with abundant red-brown hair. While not exactly delicate-looking, her complexion is pale. The expression of her features is animated and kindly, and her bearing cordial. 2. Mad-apple is the name sometimes given to the apple of sodom, sometimes to the fruit of the egg-plant, and sometimes to the large galls, known as *Micca* or *Bassorah Galls*, which are also called apples of sodom.

Champion Short Hand Writer.

Mr. A. S. White, the well known author of "White's Phonography," famous as the Champion Short Hand Writer of the World, received the first prizes in the international contests at London, Edinburgh, Paris and Berlin; he came near being permanently disabled by rheumatism. His recovery by the use of a remedy infallible in curing rheumatism and all blood diseases is told in a letter from his office, 92 Washington street, Chicago, dated June 20, 1887.

He writes:

"Your remedy has done wonderful service for me. For the past five years I have been troubled with rheumatic pains.

"My right hand had become almost useless and I was gradually losing speed as a shorthand writer. A friend of mine, Dr. Dedrick, advised me of your remedy. I used a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and am now entirely recovered. I shall never cease to commend your excellent medicines, and wish you much success.

"Yours truly, A. S. WHITE."

And here is another witness:

"BENTON, Ark., August 25th, 1887.

"Last spring I was dangerously afflicted with erysipelas, and my life was despaired of by my physicians. As a last hope I tried S. S. S. and soon found relief, and in two weeks I was able to attend to my business. I used five bottles.

"S. H. WITTHORE, Ed. Saline *Courier*."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

You May Well Believe

That money may make the mare go, but it can never make a lady or gentleman.

That it does not take much to make the tired and cross "saleslady" to "talk back."

That if every man who has not a dress suit is a socialist, the city's woods are full of them.

That a society for the suppression of bare backs, necks and shoulders would be a very good idea.

That those who enjoyed Christmas most did something for the worthy and deserving poor.

That between a fashionable flat and the conventional tenement there is not much difference.

That a great variety of new games have been introduced for the traditional "long winter evenings."

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood, free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Nothing "Brash" About Smith.

"The ridiculous Ovington-Smith affair reminds people of what a very beautiful person is this same Nicholas Smith, and of how he values his own personal charms. When Monsigneur the Lupelle was at lectures in San Francisco, Colonel Smith was one night seated beside a very beautiful girl who is one of the acknowledged belles of that city.

"'My evening was disturbed,' said he, 'by my contemplation of this lovely girl, who bore a startling resemblance to some one, I could not tell which. Not until I saw my own face in the mirror did I realize to whom she had so wonderful a likeness.'"—*Town Topics.*

Cure for the Deaf.

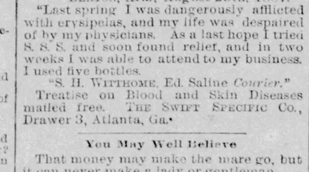
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. Assists conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Simply a Matter of Habit.

"How does it feel to have a moustache on your lip, Henry?" she asked, when she perceived that her lover was cultivating that masculine adornment.

"I can't say," he answered; "how does it feel to have one on yours?"

"Well," she answered, as she struggled from his embrace and drew her breath, "I think it is something to which one could in time become reconciled."—*Boston Courier.*



FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

TIME'S GIFTS FOR 1888.

Physical Favors Which the Scythe-Bearer will Bring to Mortals,

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In the purely physical sense, Time will be exceedingly lavish of his gifts to mortals in the year of grace 1888. It will not have longer days than the average year. But it will have more of them. It will be a leap year. Therefore it will have one more day than any of the three years immediately preceding it, or than any of the three years which will follow immediately after it. In another particular 1888 will be distinguished from ordinary years. The number of eclipses which it will bring will be greater than that brought by the average of its predecessors. Five will be given to us in the coming year, while all that we were favored with in 1885 and 1886 was four. What time may furnish us in the way of large, bright comets or long-period, variable stars can be told better a year hence than it can to-day.

PHYSICAL BASIS OF THE YEAR.

The day is a natural limit of time. It marks the period between sunrise and the succeeding sunrise, or between the sun's culmination or setting and the next appearance of the same phenomenon. The year also is a natural time division. It is the period required for one complete revolution of the earth around the sun, or of the apparent movement of the sun around the celestial sphere. The year, therefore, like the day, is a natural time limit, because it marks off a complete cycle of change. The beginning as well as the ending of it can be observed by everybody, and its duration can thus be measured. Even the earliest members of the human race saw that the sun in her coolest period was in a different star group at its setting than the one in which they saw it in the hotter season. They observed that these two star clusters were far removed from each other, being, in fact, near the opposite sides of the celestial vault. They soon discovered, indeed, that the sun kept continually changing its place with respect to the stars, that the movement which brought this change about was regular, and that after the lapse of a certain period the sun appeared again among the stars in which they saw it before, and again made the circuit of the firmament. It did not require many generations of careful observation to show the result that the period between the successive appearances of the sun near a certain star was about 365 times as long as the period between successive sunrises or sunsets.

THE NATURAL YEAR LIMIT.

There are three or more sorts of years, in the purely physical sense. There is the solar, or natural year, which is called in astronomy the tropical or equinoctial year; the Siderial year, and the anomalistic year. The mean lengths of these years are as follows:

	Days.	Hours.	Mins.	Secs.
Mean solar year...	365	5	48	46.054
Mean siderial year.	365	9	9	9.95
Anomalistic year.	365	6	13	48.56

The solar year is the period which elapses between two successive appearances of the sun at the vernal or autumnal equinox. The siderial year marks the time between two successive appearances of the sun at the same point among the stars. The anomalistic year is the period between two successive appearances of the sun at any one point in its orbit, although it is usually reckoned from either the winter or the summer solstice. The solar year is the period on which the civil year of the principal nations is based.

It will not be necessary to tell the reasons for this variation between the lengths of the years here named. They are due to physical causes which the general reader would find difficult to understand, and which, if presented, he would find very little interest in. The natural year, therefore consists of nearly a quarter of a day over 365 days. This the ancients discovered at an early period. For a time they had some difficulty in disposing of these extra hours so that the date in the calendar should continue to correspond with the sun's place in the celestial sphere. They solved the problem eventually, and, with a surprisingly close approach to absolute accuracy, considering the absence of implements for accurate observation.

MEANING OF LEAP YEAR.

The true, or natural year, as has been shown, consists of 365¼ days. For convenience, however, the civil year was made to comprise a definite number of days, adding the fractional parts together and giving an extra day to each fourth year. This was what was done by order of Julius Cæsar, who made the first thorough reform ever instituted in the calendar. Cæsar found it necessary to do this to prevent a variation between the date as shown by the sun's position among the stars and the date on the calendar. If a reform had not been made Fourth of July eventually in our latitude would come in the winter, and Christmas in the summer. The discrepancy, indeed, in Cæsar's time between the astronomical equinox and the civil equinox amounted to nearly three months.

Cæsar not only made the civil year agree approximately with the astronomical year, but he reconstructed the calendar so that at length the year was made to begin with January 1 instead of March 1, as before. He gave to 31 days the months now called January, March, May, July, September and November, 29 to February, except in leap ears, when it would have 30, and 30 days to April, June, August, October and December. When Octavius became head of the state, after Cæsar's time, and obtained the title of Augustus, a sycophantic Senate took a day from February and added it to his month (August), so as to make it equal in dignity to Cæsar's month (July). Eventually the length of the last three months of the year were altered, so as to prevent three 31-day months from following each other consecutively.

CÆSAR'S AND GREGORY'S CALENDARS.

The Julian calendar was a great improvement on those which preceded it. It too, however, was ultimately found to be faulty. The year was assumed to be just 365¼ days long, which would permit the extra day, which was made up from the four quarter days, to be given to each fourth year. In reality, though, the year is not quite 365¼ days. It is 11 minutes 13.05 seconds longer than the true solar or tropical year, which consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46.05 seconds. This variation amounts to about 18 hours every century, or three days every 400 years. After the lapse of a few centuries this produced a sensible difference between the civil reckoning and Cæsar's day. For example, the vernal equinox corresponded to March 25, but in the 16th century it had fallen back to March 11.

Pope Gregory XIII., in the latter part of the sixteenth century, set to work to reform the calendar and arrange it so that civil and astronomical time should bear a constant and unvarying relation to each other. He did this by striking off a certain number of days. No attempt was made, however, to bring the calendar back where Cæsar placed it. Gregory selected the year A. D. 325 when the council of Nice was held. He found that the equinox in that year corresponded to March 21, and made that day the 325th when the Gregorian calendar took effect, agree with it. As in the Julian scheme the equinox in the latter year came on March 11, Gregory suppressed ten days, calling the 11th, in 1582, the 21st.

ECLIPSES OF 1888

The eclipses of 1888 will take place on the following dates: A total eclipse of the moon will occur on January 28, a partial eclipse of the sun on February 11, another partial obscuration of the same body on July 8, a total eclipse of the moon on July 22, and a partial eclipse of the sun on August 7. The two total eclipses of the moon will be visible in the United States, but the solar obscurations will not be seen by any residents of this country unless they chance to be in Europe, Asia or Africa at the time these events take place.

PLANETARY MOVEMENTS IN 1888.

The migrations of the planets in 1888 will bring several of these members of the sun's family in close proximity to each other. In January the two brightest of the planets, Venus and Jupiter, will be in the same constellation, Libra. From January to August Mars, the earth's next neighbor outwardly from the sun, will occupy a position in Virgo near Uranus, the remotest member but one of the planetary brotherhood. In August Venus will be with Saturn in Cancer. Mars and Jupiter will each be skurrying out of Libra into Scorpio in September. On the 23d day of that month two months later Venus overtakes Jupiter in Scorpio, although Mars at that time has passed out of that star group into Sagittarius.

Unlike 1887, one or more of the conspicuous planets will be visible in the evening sky in every month of 1888. Saturn will be evening star from the beginning of the year to August 1; Mars from January 5 to the end of the year; Jupiter from February 24 to December 8; and Venus from July 11 through the remainder of 1888. Saturn will be brightest on January 23; Mars on April 11, and Jupiter on May 22. Venus will not have its brightest phase in 1888.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Read the Death Roll

Which the bills of mortality of any large city may be fully designated, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say, those that affect the kidneys or bladder, have a remarkable prominence—we had almost said—preponderance. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder and enuresis, slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to inactivity of the organs involved, the danger may be nullified by that pleasant renal tonic and diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without overexciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation. Dyspepsia, a usual concomitant of renal complaints, and debility, which they invariably produce, are remedied by it. So also are constipation, malarial, rheumatic and nervous ailments.

Beer and Heart Disease.

Prof. Pettenhofer states that in his own city of Munich, 25,000,000 marks were spent annually for beer, and that, according to Bollinger's investigations, there is an excess of deaths from heart disease over there in other cities, coincident with the excess of beer drinking.

Wants Whisky Tax Abolished.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 31.—Senator Chace spoke before the Women's Christian Temperance Union last evening in favor of the abolition of the whisky tax, arguing that it was ineffective in restraint and inconsistent with prohibitory doctrines.

A Million Boxes A Year.

Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of **Brandreth's Pills** have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

PENSIONS.

PENSIONS.—For all U. S. Soldiers disabled in service and line of duty. Pensions for Widows, Minors and Dependent Parents. Increase pension for those upon the pension roll. No fee unless successful. Send 10c in stamps for Digest of New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. S. BERLIN, Atty-at-Law, Box 382, Washington, D. C.

To Union Soldiers:

After four years' service in the Union Army and sixteen years' experience as Legal Examiner and Chief of division U. S. Pension Office, I would be pleased to serve you as attorney for the Department. Soldiers, or their heirs, having pension claims pending or rejected, and those desiring to file claims will advance their interests by corresponding with me. **No fee unless Pension is allowed.** H. S. STEPHENSON, Attorney-at-Law, LeDroit Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Persons having business before the Patent and Land Offices, or before any of the Bureaus of the Government, can have their business well and promptly attended to by
H. S. BERLIN, Attorney-at-Law,
Washington, D. C. Write for Circulars.

PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jonner, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.

PATENTS.

F. A. LEHMAN, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, Washington, D. C. No charge unless patent is secured. Send for circular.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE
PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.
(Full Suits and Overcoats.)

"HOW CAN THEY DO IT."

It has been hard work to make people believe that we can cut and make to order a pair of pants for $3. Pants that will look well, fit well and wear well. By persistent advertising we have induced people to risk $3, upon our agreement, endorsed by the Manufacturers Express Co., capital $2,000,000 to refund the money for any pair. Few doubt yields to surprise, and the question everywhere is, "How can they do it?" In that way we are building up a large and holding trade, scattered from Maine to California, that is buying everything from Suits, Overcoats and Pants. For 6c. we mail you 20 samples of select cloths and self-measurement blanks, so accurate that we can safely guarantee a fit, also a good linen tape measure, if you mention this paper, or, if you prefer, send us your Vest, and choice of goods you prefer, and us your Waist, Inside Leg and Hip measures, together with $3 and 35c., to prepay postage and packing, and we will forward you the goods, guaranteeing safe delivery and perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Write the American Express Co., Boston, about us, and they will reply at once.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

The Atlanta Saloons.

Rum is not precisely free in Atlanta, and, if not absolutely dry, the city would be, if the law is rightly enforced, rather cheap than wet. The license fee is fixed at fifteen hundred

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1888.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first-class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

Everybody will want the series of Nasby letters for the coming campaign. Subscribe for the BLADE, and get them in full!

Not only will these letters be a conspicuous feature of the BLADE, but the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

HAPPY New Year to all readers of the BLADE!

THE PROHIBITION ADVANCE DURING 1887.

The year just closed has been one of energetic warfare against the Rum Power. At the first blush, the superficial observer might suppose that the net results were, on the whole, adverse to Prohibition, because of the defeat of the campaigns in Michigan, Texas, Tennessee and Oregon for the embodiment of Prohibition in their state constitutions, and the defeat of the cause in Atlanta. A more careful consideration of the facts, however, will convince the observer that this is apparent only, and not real. In the first place, it is obvious that there must have been an enormous growth of Prohibition sentiment in these states—a growth that has been unobserved and unrecorded—in order to render the battle at all possible therein; while the tremendous Prohibition vote in each of them, lacking in none but a very small percentage of the total vote of a majority, shows that there has been a mighty increase of public sentiment against the Rum Devil and his minions.

The defeat of the amendment in Michigan was undoubtedly obtained by corrupt means; and the facts that a local option law was at once passed by the legislature, and that every county which has yet voted under that law upon Prohibition has carried it, and generally by a larger majority than that given for the amendment last spring, go to prove that those who are opposed to Rum are not dismayed by defeat. It is a truth that can not be too clearly understood that great moral reforms never go backward, in the aggregate. Reverses do not dismay men whose consciences are aroused against a giant iniquity. Their swords are unsheathed for the war, and defeat in one battle has no deterrent effect upon them. As far as Texas, Tennessee and Oregon are concerned, we are convinced that the effort for constitutional Prohibition was precipitated too quickly. The work of wakening the masses to a realization of the unnumbered woes that spring from the liquor traffic was not sufficiently complete.

Speaking broadly, these campaigns were not without benefit. The attention of every voter of the state was perforce drawn sharply to the issue. That attention, once awakened, will not be likely to entirely lapse into indifference. The work of continuing the agitation will thus be greatly facilitated. The time will come when these states will all sweep the Rum traffic out of existence; and we believe that that blessed time will come all the sooner because of the tremendous agitation which shook each state from its capital to its boundaries. The conservatism of the masses, the fear which is always present with the people of changing abruptly the established order of things, combined with the falsehoods spread broadcast, and the corruption practiced, by the Rum Power, brought defeat to the proposed amendment; but now the agitation can go on in favor of Prohibition, while the minions of Rum have ceased their efforts and are resting, exhausted after the struggle.

What has 1887 done for the cause of Prohibition? Compare the condition of the campaign now with what it was a twelvemonth ago, and the situation is full of hope, pregnant with promise. The situation is now certainly no worse in the four states named than it was then. Michigan has a local option law, and is rapidly crushing out the accursed traffic, county by county; while in all states which have local option there have been decided advances made. There has been but one real loss—the city of Atlanta; but the manner in which that election was carried has been but recently explained in these columns. Fraud and falsehood and corruption won there, but they can not always win. The Right is bound to triumph, as it will one day in Atlanta. The gains during the year for Prohibition in the whole country offset this one loss, and far outweigh this single, solitary triumph of the Rum Power.

If there is any one lesson taught by the year's battles for Prohibition, it is that local option is the best method for fighting the demon Rum. It admits of a concentration of effort on the part of the friends of Prohibition, who are fighting with legitimate weapons—arguments, and proofs, and reasons to show the benefits of a Prohibition policy; while it is immeasurably more costly for the Rum Power to fight with its chief weapon—money. In a state campaign, money can be used in the cities to corrupt the venal, the vicious, the uneducated classes, with less fear of detection, and the vote of these can be made to overbalance the Prohibition majorities elsewhere in the state. This expense is enormously increased where a fight has to be made separately in every county of the state; besides, in the country it is much more difficult to corrupt a large number of voters without detection. As a matter of policy, local option presents advantages over any other method of battling with the Rum Power.

Local option, however, should be regarded simply as a means to an end—and that end, Constitutional Prohibition. It is an educator. The people becomes thoroughly acquainted with the benefits of Prohibition. The lies and arguments of the Rum Power lose their efficiency. The voters can see that Prohibition does not injure legitimate business; that the masses are the better and the happier because of the banishment of Rum; that the young are not tempted at every turn by the open saloons; and that the community is all the better for Prohibition. When the fact is clear that a majority of the voters of the state are in favor of Prohibition, the attempt to engraft it upon the constitution can be taken up with the certainty of triumph.

What the year now opening shall bring forth is impossible to foresee. The attention of the people will be deeply engrossed with the Presidential struggle; and it can not be said now, as it was in 1884, that there was no definite issue between the great parties. The tariff question is one that comes home to every man. It may not be, intrinsically, as important as Prohibition, but it is regarded by the vast majority of the people of the country as more pressing. It must be decided, and at the Congressional elections next November. Hence the people will divide on it, and effort in the way of political Prohibition will be wasted, as we showed a week ago. But where the fight is made under local option, this question of the tariff will not enter; and we look to see decided progress made on this line of warfare, which the year 1887 has shown to be the most effective whereby to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE NEW SOUTH.

The industrial growth of the South during the past year, as shown by the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, is remarkably gratifying. The numbers of new enterprises in every line of industry is double what they were in any previous year, and their distribution is general, covering every state from Maryland to Texas. The amount of capital invested in new enterprises is very nearly double what it was one year ago.

It is pleasant to note that there is a vast development of cotton manufacturing. There have been not less than 77 new mills projected, the most of which are under construction, during the past year, while many mills already in operation have oversold their production, and are actively engaged in building additions and enlarging their facilities.

It is to such development that we must look as the most potent agency in enabling the people of the South to shake off the benumbing political traditions and false views of national policy which have made that section so conservative. The New South will come in the fulness of time from the old South, when the husks of provincialism, conservatism and political error are stripped away. It was a true saying, that of a rough but accurate observer in the days before the war, that what the South should do was to "raise more cotton and less h—l." Just now the line of policy she will find most profitable to be to devote less energy to politics and more to manufacturing.

LAMAR'S nomination to the Supreme bench is not because of any real or supposed fitness for the place, for he has none. He never was engaged in a leading case in any court, and never had a case in the Supreme Court. There are thousands of lawyers in this country better qualified, both by nature and education, than is he. His nomination was only another instance of CLEVELAND'S truckling to his Southern masters.

THE term, "free trade," is becoming obnoxious in this country. This is seen in the action of the New York Free Trade club, which is soon to change its name to the "Reform" club. But "reform" of the Democratic brand is quite as obnoxious to the American people, and the proposed change is no improvement.

No SUPPORTER of the President's plan of revenue reduction has yet advanced an argument to show that its effect will not be to cut down wages, not only of workmen employed in protected industries, but all along the line—including every man who works for salary or wages, whatever his occupation may be.

THE tariff works both ways in the interests of labor. For instance, not only are workingmen's wages, on the average, greater than ever before, but he can buy a good suit of woolen clothing cheaper than ever before, notwithstanding the dreadful tariff, which is such a bugaboo to our Democratic friends.

SOMEHOW the fact that the holiday trade was never better in this country doesn't coincide with Mr. CLEVELAND'S theory that the country is going to the demnition bowwows on account of the surplus. But then one fact is worth ten thousand theories.

THE indisposition of Democratic Congressmen to accept positions on the committee on Alcoholic Liquors is just a bit significant of the part the temperance question is likely to play in the next political campaign.

THE President will, it is rumored, send an appendix to his message to Congress soon after it reconvenes, treating of a number of topics of national interest. The free trade [illegible]e was a fiasco.

THE DUTY ON QUININE.

The free trade organs, in their desperate efforts to find available arguments, have seized on the abolition of the quinine duty in 1879, as a text. They serenely declare that the taking off of a 20 per cent *ad valorem* duty has reduced the price of sulphate of quinine from a maximum of $3.52½ per ounce, to a minimum of 37 cents per ounce! This is an astonishing bit of mathematics, but it is nothing to what your average free trade advocate can do in "boosting" his mania.

It is a fact that the London market quotations show that while English quinine in 1879, the year the duty was removed, was worth $3.96 an ounce in London, it was worth in the same market, in November, 1887, only 50 cents an ounce. French, Italian and German quinine has dropped in price in the same market to the same extent, and it is patent to every unprejudiced observer that the presence or absence of an American tariff could have no appreciable effect on the London market.

On the other hand, if the price dropped so greatly in the London market it would naturally do the same in the absence of duty in the American market and the cause would be the same; but obviously that cause could not be the tariff, simply because on that article there isn't any tariff.

The repeal of the duty on quinine had no more to do with the reduction in price than had the changes of the moon. The real cause is found in the cultivation of cinchona trees in Ceylon and Java. Prior to 1861 the world's supply of cinchona was obtained from the South American forests. In that year seeds were exported to Ceylon and the experiment of cultivation was begun. The trees grew, and in 1869 the first shipment of bark was made—28 ounces, all told. Since that time the trade has grown until in the year ending June 30, 1887, the export from India was 14,007,500 pounds, and from Java 2,230,275 pounds. With this supply, in addition to that from South America, it was impossible to keep up prices, and as the raw material declined in value so did the product; but you can't make the free traders admit it. Such an admission would be fatal to their chief argument.

Perhaps a few further facts on quinine may prove interesting. The duty of 20 per cent. *ad valorem* was repealed in 1879, and quinine put on the free list. Up to that time the American manufacturers supplied the home market, and with an article unsurpassed for purity. As soon as the duty was abolished, this country became a dumping ground for the surplus product of Europe, much of which was so adulterated that it was worthless as medicine. A large portion of the imported quinine comes from Italy. Wages in England are much lower than here; they are still lower in France than in England; lower yet in Germany than in France; and again lower in Italy than in Germany.

Quinine is made in all the countries named, and it is thrown on this market in ever increasing quantities. The Italian government pays an export bounty to Italian manufacturers on all the quinine they send out of their country. The United States government, on the other hand, by putting quinine on the free list, and withdrawing all protection from American producers, invites foreign manufacturers of quinine to send their product to this country. The Italian manufacturers, besides having government aid, pay their workingmen miserably low wages. Workingmen will not accept such wages in this country, nor will they submit to be degraded as in Italy.

To illustrate the results of the abolition of this duty, we give a quite significant little table showing the importations of quinine year by year, since 1874:

Years.	Ounces.	Years.	Ounces.
1874, 20 %....	68,097	1881, free...	408,751
1875, 20 %....	12,279	1882, free...	794,495
1876, 20 %....	22,746	1883, free...	1,055,764
1877, 20 %....	75,864	1884, free...	1,263,732
1878, 20 %....	77,549	1885, free...	1,390,125
1879, 20 %....	228,348	1886, free...	1,251,556
1880, free....	416,998	1887, free...	2,180,157

That is, the market has been flooded with adulterated foreign quinine, sent here to break down the American manufacturers; while the reduction in price has not been the result of the abolition of this duty, but from the increased abundance of the raw material.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

SENATOR PADDOCK, of Nebraska, has introduced a bill making a general appropriation for postoffice buildings in towns of 5,000 inhabitants and upwards, which is meeting with much favor among the senators. It would not be surprising if it should come to the point a good deal more promptly than is usual for new ideas in that body. The problem is a simple business one. The government has to pay a certain annual rental for the rooms it occupies. It is equally as cheap, and a great deal better on many accounts, to invest a sum which, at the average rate of interest on our bonds, would produce an annual income equal to the rent charged. For instance, if the rent of the postoffice were $240 per year, it would be just as cheap for the government to put up an $8,000 building—for 3 per cent on $8,000 is $240 per year.

THE other day somebody spoke to Gen. W. T. SHERMAN concerning his own possible candidacy for President, but the old hero declared he would not have it on any terms. He went on:

I will be as public-spirited about it as Artemus Ward was about the war. You know he said this bloody war should be prosecuted if it took the last one of his wife's relations. If the Republicans want a candidate, there is my brother, John Sherman. If the Democrats want a candidate, there is my brother-in-law, Tom Ewing.

General SHERMAN is too old and too infirm for the Presidency. On February 8 next he will be 68 years of age; and the hardships of his military life have told severely upon his constitution. It is noted among his friends in New York City that he is visibly breaking, and it can be but a few years at most until the greatest yet living of our military chieftains will pass from among us.

MR. DELANCEY NICOLL, of New York city, who is fresh from the fierce battle of the ballots last November, in which he was worsted by FELLOWS, with the aid of the Democratic machine, has written an article for the current number of the *North American Review*, which will command widespread attention. It treats exhaustively of the crime of bribery, and points out the great and growing danger which the corruption of public officers inflicts upon the country. According to Mr. NICOLL, the constitutional safeguards against the evil are practically a dead letter, while, by implication at least, doubt is expressed of the possibility of enforcing existing laws designed for the punishment of offenders. The problem of the securing of honest government in cities is one of the gravest before our people.

THE British government will make an attempt to convert its 3 per cent. consols into 2¼ per cents. Why does it not follow our example, and begin in earnest to pay off the national debt?

THE Republican editors of Missouri, including the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, express their preference for ROBERT LINCOLN for President. Senator SHERMAN is their second choice.

REDUCING THE REVENUE.

There is a homely old English proverb which declares that there are "more ways of killing a dog than that of choking him to death on butter." Similarly one may say there are more ways of disposing of a surplus that the free trade method advocated by Mr. CLEVELAND in his message, though he and his satellites would like to make the people of the country believe there is none other. There is a desperate effort on the part of the Democratic press to aid this, by what might be called a "conspiracy of silence" as to any of the other perfectly feasible and far more advisable methods of preventing the accumulation of a surplus.

Our federal revenue comes from two great sources—the tariff, and the internal revenue system of taxation. For the fiscal year ending June 30 last, we received (in round numbers) $119,000,000 from internal revenue taxation, and $217,000,000 from customs dues. To strike off at one blow the internal revenue taxes would be to make as great a reduction as any one could desire in the revenue. This internal system is the last vestige of strictly "war taxes," and it is strange to any one who is old enough to recall the bitter anathemas flung at it by the Democrats from its inception up to 1878, or thereabouts, to see that party making a stand to preserve the system.

The argument is, that whisky and tobacco ought to be taxed. The tobacco-growing states, however, are an unit in favor of throwing off the tobacco tax. For ourselves, we have not the slightest objection to the taxation of both, and especially of whisky and all other intoxicating liquors The more they are taxed, the better it suits us. But to repeal the internal revenue taxation puts it in the power of the people of the state to tax them, and thus lighten the general burden of taxation. The principle of the fathers of the government, that the federal administration ought to be supported by tariff duties, while all direct taxation should be left to the individual states, is one that should be returned to in our national policy. The exigencies of the war compelled a resort to direct taxation; but the exigency being over, there is no sound reason for its retention.

But we have no idea that Congress can or will take so broad a view of the matter. The whisky tax will probably stand. It is certain that the Democrats will not vote for a measure which would throw out a small army of office-holders by abolishing the need for them. No Democrat will ever vote to abolish an office, so long as there is a chance for a Democrat to hold it and draw sustenance from the public crib. But if the tobacco tax were repealed, that would take off $28,000,000 of revenue; and the total amount of reduction deemed necessary, even by the majority of the free trade advocates themselves, could be reached by abolishing the one import duty which has failed to do its duty as a protective measure.

That one item is the sugar duty. We produce only one-tenth as much as we use. The remaining nine-tenths we import, and on it the annual revenue is $58,000,000. The repeal of this and the tobacco tax would make a reduction, at one sweep, of $86,000,000 per year.

We present the above facts simply to show how easy it is to reduce the revenue without touching the tariff. It is not clearly decided that the wisest thing to do is to diminish the revenue at all. Wise-headed men are looking ahead, and speculating upon the payment of the quarter of a billion dollars that should be met as soon as possible after the 4½s become due, in September, 1891. They are looking to some proper method of using the surplus until that time shall come.

But CLEVELAND and his faction have but one idea—to reduce the revenue by destroying the protective features of the tariff. Let us look at the President's plan a little, and see if it is not a long step toward entire free trade. First we are told that we must have free "raw materials." Here is a table of raw materials which pay duty, and the total amount collected on the imports of each during the last fiscal year:

Coal tar dyes	$ 522,686
Potash	104,716
Soda	1,448,263
Coal	581,000
Copper	108,000
Hemp	194,136
Manilla	626 895
Jute	393,788
Sisal grass	493,751
Hay	184,851
Hops	217,917
Iron ore	525,193
Marble	229,872
Salt	706,324
Lumber	867,849
Zinc	88,000
Wool	5,126,108
Total	$12,418,945

It is obvious that this twelve millions is not enough reduction. Assuming that the amount of reduction aimed at is eighty millions (and we think the majority of the free trade contingent are agreed on about that figure), we must then attack the tariff on manufactured imports in order to obtain a reduction of $68,000,000 or more.

But what rule does CLEVELAND lay down? He would not touch the tariff on "luxuries." Therefore the duties will stand on cigars, wines, liquors, silks, satins, jewelry, works of art, foreign fruits, laces, gloves, buttons, trimmings, precious stones, musical instruments, perfumery, etc., which bring in a total of about $45,000,000 a year. The reduction must be made, Mr. CLEVELAND says, on the "necessaries"—which is to say, on those things which we manufacture most largely; and thus injure American workingmen as much as possible.

It may interest our readers to examine the table given below, for which we are indebted to the Cleveland *Leader*, and which gives the duties collected in 1886 from imported goods of the kinds we manufacture most largely. The President's theory is that the $68,000,000 or so must be obtained by cutting down on the following articles:

All manufactures of woolen	$27,278,523
All manufactures of silks	13,938,066
All manufactures of iron and steel	13,631,846
All manufactures of cotton	11,752,207
All manufactures of jute, hemp, sisal grass, etc.	9,247,816
All manufactures of chemicals	4,317,626
All manufactures of earthenware	2,830,450
All manufactures of glass and glassware	3,694,924
All manufactures of leather	3,262,233
Total	$90,983,841

How much protection would be left if the tariff on these things were cut down by $68,000,000? Not one iota. The country would be deluged with English "cheap and nasty" goods, our own industries would shut down, and tens of thousands of honest workingmen be thrown out of work.

THE ablest Democratic dailies of the New South are bitterly opposed to the President's free trade ideas, but cannot support the Republican party for the sake of protection, because they are afraid of "nigger domination." Don't be afraid, brethren; giving a negro citizen his constitutional rights don't necessarily mean that all the offices shall be filled by colored men or by their tools.

IT is officially announced that if Russia shall provoke a war with Austria, Germany will come to the latter's support. Russia, being forwarned, will probably be in no hurry to provoke either of her neighbors. The European war that the correspondents have been predicting for so long will undoubtedly be still longer delayed in its coming.

THE Jackson club, a Democratic organization of Chicago, has read Mr. RANDALL out of the party again. This has been done times without number in years past, but Mr. RANDALL is still there—the most prominent leader of his party in the East.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The issue on which the Presidential campaign of 1888 is to be fought is as clearly before the people now as it would be had both great parties held their conventions and formulated their platforms. It is to be the question of protection to American industries and American workingmen vs. free trade. It is hardly possible that scheming politicians can obscure it, or so align the forces as to make anything else of paramount importance in the struggle.

As far as the Democratic party is concerned their candidate is already practically named There is no escape for them from the logic of events which point out CLEVELAND as the only available, only possible, nominee. But it is not so with the Republican party. We have plenty of good men, whose fitness for the position is unquestioned. The matter of ability is not a subject of debate. Any one of the several gentlemen most prominently named for the Presidential nomination among Republicans is amply competent, in all respects, to discharge the duties of the office of chief magistrate in a most efficient manner. There is not one of them who, in native talent, in educational acquirements and in official experience, is not far beyond Mr. CLEVELAND when DAN MANNING, by the exercise of all the shrewd political arts at his command, secured for him the nomination of the Democracy at Chicago in 1884.

Hence the question of the choice of a candidate, among Republicans, turns solely upon the matter of availability. It should not be a question of simple political preference. Every true Republican will agree with the BLADE that the correct theory is, "Principles, not men;" and that, no matter who may be the nominee at Chicago next June, he is to be earnestly and loyally supported by all. The man to nominate is the man who can poll the full party strength of the Republicans, and in the doubtful states draw most largely from the ranks of the independent voters and the opposition.

There has been a feeling among some people, since the November election in New York, that Mr. LINCOLN'S chances for the nomination have been injured by FRED GRANT'S defeat. We can not see how this should be. There is no parallel between GRANT and LINCOLN. The latter is a man of affairs, well versed in official life, a prosperous and successful business man, and thoroughly fitted in all respects for the Presidential position. He is a strong, well-balanced man, and deserves the nomination for his own sake alone, irrespective of his renowned father's memory. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* recently discussed the matter in so thorough a manner that we take pleasure in reproducing its article entire:

The greater and lesser organs of the greater and lesser politicians of both parties are grinding out premature lamentations on the supposed political extinction of Robert Lincoln. It is the lesson of the New York election, as they groan and grind it out, that no man with a history name can gain the suffrages of the people. Such drivel wearies the brain and offends the conscience of the American people. Col. Grant was not beaten in New York because he was the son of the General who led the armies of the Union to final victory. The time has not come, is not to come, in this republic in which a man shall suffer punishment for the noble deeds of his father.

Between the past candidacy of Colonel Grant and the possible candidacy of Robert Lincoln no point of resemblance or comparison can be found. It is well understood that Colonel Grant was nominated by scheming politicians who hoped that the great name he bears might aid them in their personal designs. If Lincoln be the Republican nominee it will not be with the complaisance, far less with the active aid, many knot of political managers. It will not be a nomination in which a great name is used to gild a questionable design. It is notorious that the trading politicians are not only with Mr. Lincoln, but are actively against him. His availability they admit; his adaptability to their purposes they doubt. If Lincoln be the nominee it will be because the plain people who do the voting insist upon it.

He has said that he is not a candidate for nomination. But it is in the power of the people to make him a candidate. If they should do so he has said that he will strive to lead them to victory. His character is too transparent for suspicion of dishonesty to lurk in his words. It may be that his disinclination to political intrigue will bar him from the highest honor which if is possible to the party that glories in the memory of his father to bestow upon him. But if the high honor of nomination be bestowed upon him there is not a Republican so lost to all sense of pride in the past, so dead to all hope of the future as to restrain his vote from the son of Abraham Lincoln.

SPEAKING of the Presidential field for 1888, the Cleveland *Leader* says that "one thought that runs through the list is some thing like this:"

Allison,
Hawley,
Blaine,
Harrison,
Gresham,
Foraker,
Lincoln.

That's a poor hand. Let us have the deal.——There! that is more like it:

Blaine,
Allison,
Gresham,
Harrison,
Lincoln,
Evarts.

And if that hand fails to win the nomination, here's the one that holds the joker:

Hawley,
Blaine,
Allison,
Cameron,
Foraker,
Ingalls,
Harrison.

THE free trade organs are making a great to-do because certain woolen manufacturers in the East are advocating "free wool." Well, why shouldn't they, if it enables them to make a greater profit on their goods? That is no argument for free trade. Just tell us, however, of a woolen manufacturer who wants the tariff reduced on manufactures of wool, will you? Another thing: the Eastern manufacturers are getting uneasy because of the spread of industries Westward and Southward. The Boston *Transcript* is frank enough to say:

A feeling is growing quite fast in the Eastern states that admitting raw materials free of duty would be of great advantage to our manufactures, which are now in a position where additional protective duties would help manufacturing establishments in other sections of the country to the damage of those located here.

That is, they want to hold a monopoly of manufacturing. Well, they cannot do it! The next progressive step is the diffusion of manufacturing interests all over the country—near the raw material and close to the consumer.

THE year 1887 has surpassed all others in the extent of railway mileage constructed in the United States, nearly 18,000 miles having been completed. We are inclined to the belief that the coming season will be much duller than the last. There will be less railway construction, less activity in iron manufacturing as a consequence, and then a red-hot political campaign, which always deadens trade to some extent.

THE railway commissioners of Minnesota have issued peremptory orders that upper berths of all sleeping-cars running in the state shall be closed after January 1, whenever the lower berth shall be occupied, until such upper berth shall be needed for actual occupancy. Similar legislation should be had in other states, to prevent a bit of odious and unnecessary tyranny.

THE Chief Signal Officer, Gen. GREELY, admits, in his official reports, that the "indications" have been wrong during the past year about as often as they have been correct. Congress should give the service large enough appropriations to enable it to work without being crippled, and then, if Gen. GREELY cannot do better, his resignation should be promptly called for.

CLEVELAND has forgotten that he once gave vent to the ponderous opinion that the President's duties "are essentially executive." He is now engaged in bulldozing Speaker CARLISLE, in order to have the majority of the Ways and Means committee made up to suit his own free trade ideas.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

The first of January, the beginning of a new year, is most frequently taken as the point of departure on a reformation of life or habits—notably, in the matter of drinking. Many and many a bibulous American this year will "swear off" from his cups—and alas! very many of them will fall back into the old way; for does not SOLOMON say, "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly?"

Human resolutions are weak, especially when antagonized by our appetites or our passions; and there is a seeming strength in taking the opening day of the New Year as the starting point upon a higher career. Many persons use birthdays, or the anniversary of a marriage or of the death of a near and dear one, for the same purpose, but New Year's Day is far more numerously adopted. So common is this that the wits of the press make it a standing joke, and each year the same old verbal chestnuts appear in type—generally couched in a semi-sarcastic vein, and depending for their point upon the supposed funniness of a man's yielding speedily to temptation after "swearing off."

For ourselves, we fail to see any wit or anything laughable in the frailties of our fallen humanity. It is rather tragic than comic to see a man, after making an effort to escape from the thraldom of an unworthy habit or debasing vice, fall by the wayside, and return to his former low estate. There is something Mephistophelean in the mental make-up of a man who could be really amused at such a thing. He would laugh at a drowning man in the rapids of Niagara, whose grasp failed upon the friendly rope cast to succor him.

He who strives to rise higher, to live a better life, in a purer atmosphere, is always worthy of commendation and aid. And if, in his weakness, he finds it a help to him to take the annual milestone of the earth's ceaseless sweep of its orbit for his starting-point, who shall, if he have one iota of feeling, flout or jeer at him, or give him aught but words of heartfelt sympathy and kindly cheer! He who makes an effort, though he fail, is more honorable than he who never tries at all. We would that far more men would make New Year's Day the date whereon to begin a broader life, full of higher aspirations and with less selfishness and unkindness. The world would be the better for it.

"SOME TARIFF FACTS."

In the article in last week's BLADE under the above caption, a correspondent at Woodhull, Ill., found fault with our statement that the Chicago *Tribune* is the only Republican paper (of any national reputation) which indorses CLEVELAND'S free trade ideas. We have received the following letters on this topic during the past week:

EDITOR BLADE:—Your Kansas correspondent in last night's BLADE made the assertion that the Iowa *State Register* is a free trade paper, and that it endorsed Cleveland's message. The statement is false. Being on it, I do not want to see a paper that has done so much good for the Republican party belied so wilfully. No paper is a more ardent admirer of Blaine or more faithful to the cause of right, justice, temperance and honor. It is anti-free trade, anti-"Secesh" and anti-Copperhead, as the inclosed clippings from its editorial columns of December 22 will show. T. J. WILCOX.

The inclosures have the right ring. They are as sturdily in favor of protection, and opposed to CLEVELAND, as the editorials of the BLADE itself.

ED. BLADE:—Pardon in your reply to a correspondent from Kansas, in last night's BLADE, you say you doubt whether the Indianapolis *Journal* approved the President's message. I was traveling in Iowa at the time and know that the *Journal* took precisely the view of it taken by Mr. Blaine. After Blaine's interview came out the *Journal* made the statement that the Republican party had a platform in Blaine's interview from top to bottom." No more devoted, sound and loyal paper to the party is published in any state. I make this statement because I don't want to see a doubt thrown upon so able an advocate of the G. O. P. J. A. HAIGH.

We are obliged to Mr. A. M. MAY, of the Waukon, Iowa, *Standard*, for a definite statement of the political position of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. Our Woodhull, Ill., correspondent declared it to be a Republican paper, and supporter of CLEVELAND'S free trade ideas. Mr. MAY says:

It is free trade, but not Republican. It states its party position in these words:

"Mr. Comstock was perfectly right in denying, as Mr. W. Campbell was entirely wrong in affirming, that the *Pioneer Press* is a Republican organ. It is the organ of nobody but its editor, and acknowledges allegiance to no party, and the authority of no convention."

It is simply a political hitch-hacker. The Iowa *State Register* emphatically condemns Cleveland's tariff message.

It is thus shown that our first statement is entirely correct, and that our Woodhull correspondent is mistaken. On the other hand, the leading papers of the "New South" are opposed to the message, and not afraid to say so.

OKLAHOMA "BOOMERS."

Would-be raiders into that part of the Indian Territory called Oklahoma are reported to be paying $25 each for the privilege of joining the new expedition to come off by April 1 next, unless Congress should previously throw open the land to settlement. The money thus collected is nominally to be expended in buying arms with which to resist dislodgement by the troops.

This performance has been many times undertaken during the last ten years, with the uniform result of complete failure. The invading parties have always been arrested by the regulars stationed there for that purpose, and have been conducted back to Kansas. Sometimes they have made a threat of armed resistance, but they have been marched off ingloriously just the same. It is absurd for these misguided people to suppose that the government will submit to their lawlessness.

Congress has, however, hardly done what it might toward making a final disposition of the unoccupied lands in question. One objection to opening Oklahoma to white settlers independently of certain treaty rights which would have to be purchased is its being nearly surrounded by lands occupied by Indians. But Congress may be able to open other lands in that locality.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Chattanooga the other day adopted resolutions requesting the Senators and Representatives in Congress from Tennessee to do this:

First, to favor raising the necessary revenue for the support of the government by a tariff upon imports so adjusted as to prevent unequal burdens and to encourage the development of our material resources and at the same time afford just compensation to labor. Second, that it is the sentiment of the people of Chattanooga and the territory contiguous thereto that no reduction should be made on duties on coal, iron ore, or their products, as a reduction would be vitally detrimental to the interests of large sections of country of which this is the commercial centre.

R. G. DUN & Co.'s review of trade shows a decrease of 200 in the number of failures for the year, but an increase of $53,000,000 in liabilities. In 1887 there were 9,634 failures, and $167,560,944 liabilities. In 1886 the failures were 9,884 and liabilities $114,571,119. The failures in the United States averaged one in every 111 persons. The above summary is worth cutting out and pasting in your scrap-book.

THE Republican party can expect no favors from the liquor interest. As an organization it represents the sober, intelligent, law-abiding classes of the population, and it must legislate for these if it expects to retain their support. In no instance has the Republican party shown honesty and courage in treating the temperance question without strengthening itself.

SENATOR BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, a free trader, says that a revenue reduction bill will be passed by this Congress, but that it will be a compromise. He says:

It will not be just what Mr. Cleveland wants, nor Mr. Carlisle, nor Mr. Randall, nor any one else.

TARIFF TALK.

The New York *Star* is owned by and managed in the interests, personal and political, of Mr. DORSHEIMER. Mr. DORSHEIMER is a personal friend of the President, and his paper is regarded as official. The *Star* reported over one week ago the skeleton bill which the administration Democrats were to propose soon after the holiday recess. The free list will include all the crude ores, iron, lead, zinc, copper; also such staples as salt, coal, lumber, wool, jute, hemp, marble, stone, clays, etc., such as are the basis of artizan work. An ad valorem grade will be applied to much or most of the imports, and some of Mr. HEWITT'S plans of customs duties will be incorporated, and in other ways, a wide departure will be indulged in, to cut down the surplus and boom the Cobden club fellows.

It is true the bill is so ordered that it will hurt mostly those states which are inevitably Republican, and improve the speculations of coast towns, which do the importing business and are mostly Democratic. It will make Indiana and New Jersey and New England both worse and better in some ways, and it will not become clear at the outset which condition may prevail. The wool men everywhere are protesting and the mining interests are already nervous. California and Oregon complain bitterly and hint that it will open our markets to the Australian wool product, which has, for years, placed a high duty upon sheep and other things which we formerly shipped there. The lead miners are aroused and the silver men regard it as another attack on their interests through the lead out-put.

Copper men have had such close markets for the past two years that they feel aggrieved, and it will be a cold day when one of the representatives from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan vote against their lumber traffic, and let Canada and the British Northwest into competition with them. There will be a great many lonesome members now in the Lower House at Washington by another two years, if they follow in the way of Mr. CLEVELAND'S teachings. The probabilities are that nobody expects that the bill will carry, and it is altogether too aggressive for the Democratic party to act upon, even if they believe it could pass, for it will disturb values too much in the outset to be safe so near to the time of a general election.

Again it will be only four years till the bonds of 1881 can be redeemed, and the surplus will be needed for the purchase of them and the reduction of our national debt. When that time arrives, another adjustment will be required to increase our revenues, and more tariff legislation will be called for on that account. Besides, it must be remembered, that we are just now at peace with every body but exposed to attack on every quarter of our sea board and lake coast. If, therefore, some little scare should arise to compel an expenditure in that direction, increased taxation must follow, or the government will of necessity become a borrower, at a higher rate of interest than now prevails.

There seems to be a fatality connected with the Democratic brain, which is hostile to a fair national credit, and never in the history of our government has such economical loans been known as under the *regime* of a Republican majority. The real simon pure Democracy apparently is only happy when it is bankrupting somebody, and just now the majorities which make up the administration wing, are those educated in states which are peculiarly noted for repudiation. The bonds of nearly all the undoubted Democratic states are worth from 30 to 60 cents on the dollar, and the gentlemen who represent them, will pass that measure, in case it is passed at all. Is the country ready to be taught political economy by such expensive professors?

ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT—ROBERT LINCOLN.

So great is the interest now manifested in ROBERT T. LINCOLN, in connection with the next Republican National convention, that we yielded to the request of thousands of subscribers who ask us to add him to the Blade's Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men. We have therefore had engraved at great expense an excellent portrait of ROBERT LINCOLN, which is uniform in size with other portraits of our publication

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Mr. Morrow, Congressman from California, has a bill prepared, which contemplates another enterprise that may dispose of a part of the surplus in the treasury. It proposes that our government lay a cable via Honolulu, to Yokohama, and urges it as a method of defense for the Pacific coast and commerce.

It will be remembered that a treaty between the United States and Hawaii, now under consideration, if not already approved by the authorities at Washington, gives us possession of Pearl Harbor on the island of Oahu, as a naval and coaling station, which must be fortified to be of service.

Honolulu is about two thousand miles from San Francisco, and would be the first point of approach. Pearl Harbor will be the place of landing for the cable. From thence it would stretch around about twice that distance to the coast of Japan.

It has been, for some time, a purpose of the British government to have such a communication from Vancouver Island to the Sandwich Islands and thence to the Fiji, to terminate at their possessions in Australia. At present there is a line operated by Denmark from Japan to Shanghai and Hong Kong. England holds the cable from the latter place to her Indian possessions via the Red Sea to the Mediterranean and European systems.

Telegraph communication, therefore, between New York and Yokohama must either take the route by the Red sea, or, when the Siberian line is completed, through China and Russia and the Danish lines and French cable. We are thus quite isolated, and in case of war with England we would be compelled to take the chances of blockade-running for information, and the fate of our Eastern commerce would be, not doubtful. The expense is so great, however, that it would not encourage private capital to undertake it. If we had not grown into the notion that luck is a larger factor in our future than policy and diplomacy, the question might not long be discussed. But when Destiny, or the Genius of Fat(e), presides over our Cabinet deliberations and appropriation bills, it is so much more conservative to ease and brilliant effect, that there is no use in talking just now.

We have, however, one result of interest, and a sequel to those good Republican days of 1872, when brains were on top, and a little vim remained, namely, the report of Capt. Belknap of the U. S. navy, who made the survey across in 1874. He was then, as now, a thorough explorer and made a fascinating diagram of a fourth of the world's surface, between three and four miles under the placid waters of the Pacific ocean.

It will be observed that submarine topography is not unlike the subaerial, and the profile of the ocean bed shows volcanoes, mountain ranges, immense valleys and river courses, similar to the continents lying between the oceans. There is a depression nearly four miles down, about midway between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, and to the east of it abruptly points what is known as "Belknap volcano," or a mountain peak three and three quarters miles high. Coming to within about a third of a mile of the surface of the waters, the volcano of Hawaii has thrown up a little higher plateau and made quite a group of islands and young mountain peaks.

Beyond the Sandwich group is a comparative level, extending nearly two thousand miles in width, where another mountain range crosses from north to south about three-fifths of a mile beneath ocean level. Thence a country something like that between Leadville and Lake Tahoe, California, exists, only twice as wide, to the group of islands off the coast of Japan. There are no currents to the Pacific, and the strain and attrition upon the cable must be at the minimum. The ocean bottom is of a homogeneous, pasty material such as may be found in all volcanic countries, where the action of air and sunlight is absent. The average depth is about three and one-third miles.

Who was it said the Western farmers are all free traders? At the recent meeting of the State Grange of Missouri, Patrons of Husbandry, the following resolution in support of protection was adopted:

Resolved, by the State Grange of Missouri, that its members are instructed to vote for no candidate for legislative or other office who is not pledged to protect the agricultural industries of the state and is opposed to a policy of free trade under existing circumstances, whereby the labor of this country is compelled to compete with the world.

Senator Sherman summarizes in the briefest form what has often been declared to be the typical Republican doctrine when he says:

Let come in free everything we can not make. Put a duty on that which we can make, so that the American manufacturer can pay his workmen better wages than are paid in Europe.

We find ourselves, for once, able to agree with the New York *Times*. In discussing the postal telegraph scheme, that paper wisely remarks:

If such an addition is to be made to the public service it ought at least wait until the civil service, in all its subordinate branches, is fairly established on a non-political basis.

The wearisome jester is around on his annual tour, making ghastly jokes on the new year: For instance: "The new year will have one and three-eighths of a year," he says to an unsuspecting victim. "How do you make that out?" is the reply. "Write it down and see—1888—one and three eighths!"

The report that William K. Vanderbilt has bought the estate of the Earl of Buckingham, in England, is denied, on the ground that an alien can not hold land in England. It is a good rule and should be enforced in this country. Every land should belong to its own people.

A prominent Mississippi Democrat, Gen. Chalmers, voices a truth in economics when he declares that "the best farmer is the man who produces everything possible at home, although it may seem to cost more to make than to buy it." And what is true of an individual is true of a nation.

The "New South" don't believe in Cleveland's free trade ideas. Here is the Birmingham, Alabama, *Age*, a good Democratic sheet hitherto, which declares:

We will carry the protection banner for Alabama and Alabama's workingmen if no other paper will do it, and take our chances."

It is confidently asserted that between fifty and sixty Democrats in the House are favorable to the repeal of the tobacco tax, and about the same number averse to any meddling with the protective features of the tariff. Grover is, apparently, going to get left.

We respectfully request our Democratic contemporaries to mark down the following forecasts. There is not a western state that will give a free trade majority, and the November election will show it.

The new year brings us a Presidential election, 53 Sundays and five eclipses, while its fourth of July comes on Wednesday and its Christmas on Tuesday.

The Democrats are agreed that the duty ought to be taken off something, to please Cleveland, but they don't agree as to at that something shall be.

Rust is a substitution of combination competition. It is averse to the best interests of the public, and should be suppressed promptly.

Rio climbs too high goes to fail. If your cough run too long it may run consumption and cause your death. Hunter's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and you will never reach it. Two sized, 50c and $1. All among

MORE PRESIDENTIAL OPINIONS

From the Readers of the Blade—The Men They Favor for the Republican Nomination in 1888.

We present below another batch of letters from the Blade's subscribers on the Presidential question. We have been obliged to cut them down as much as possible, in order to find room for all.

We wish to call the attention of all who wish to write to us on this subject, to the fact that a letter which expresses merely a voter's choice is of no particular value Now is the time to consider the question of the most available candidate. The Blade has discussed very fully, in its editorial columns, the peculiar conditions of the struggle of 1888. The question is not so much, "whom do you admire most among Republican statesmen?" as it is, "Who can be strong enough with the people to not only poll the full strength of the Republican party, but gain enough support in the doubtful states to make his election sure?" This is the question to which we invite your attention; and if you can give, *briefly*, your reasons for so believing, we shall be glad to publish the letter. We want no *long* communications, as we have no room for them.

Junction City, Ore.—Blaine, because, 1, he is the greatest statesman in America; 2, because he was beaten in 1884 should not cause his retirement any more than Gladstone should retire from the leadership of the English Liberals; 3, he, like Gladstone, represents an idea. That idea is a progressive policy of the national government; 4, Blaine is without a doubt the strongest man on the Pacific coast, and I believe the strongest with the nation.—T. N. Humphreys.

Minneapolis, Minn.—As an old soldier, and a Republican from the formation of the party, and still believeing in its principles, my first choice is James G. Blaine, with a big B. Second choice—whoever shall be the nominee of the convention gets my vote and influence, for it is principles rather than men. Tariff is the issue in the coming campaign. (It is going to be a hot one.) Cleveland will be the nominee of the Democrats, representing the un-American free trade element. With Blaine, the leader, the greatest statesman we have in the country, represents the protective side.—J. S. Bartlett.

Gaston, Ore.—Blaine is the first choice of a large majority of the party, but with the Mugwumps, Prohibitionists and Conkling against him, can we hope for success? In my judgment we ought to conciliate the factions as far as practicable (without yielding principles) and unite on one that all will accept, if possible, as our standard-bearer.

Of all the names before the people, Robert T. Lincoln, in my judgment, will come nearer to securing third and then any other living man.—H. C. Raymond.

Martinsburg, W. Va.—The Republican club of this place numbers about 60 members, and I think about nine out of ten are for Blaine first, with Lincoln, Hawley or Harrison for second place, and we are Republicans and will vote a man go for the nominee, be who it may. The message of the President has stirred up Republicans.—C. J. Thomas.

Quandahl, Iowa.—Blaine and Sherman are both great statesmen, but they have many enemies inside of the party, and with the administration in the hands of the Democrats, their election is doubtful. In my opinion Robert T. Lincoln would be the best man for standard-bearer next year. He is without stain, and ample experience he possesses a private character, "as spotless as a star," against which the shafts of Democratic slander and partisan spleen will have no effect. His nomination would touch the people's heart as it was touched by Harrison in 1840, Lincoln in 1860 and Garfield in 1880. Among the people who take very little interest in politics there is a strong sentiment in favor of Robert T. Lincoln. Give us Bob Lincoln for standard-bearer next year and victory is beyond doubt.—P. Swenson.

Maumee, O.—In my opinion the selection by the Republican party of candidates for the next presidential campaign involves the principle of justice as well as availability. Of course all this should harmonize with highest statesmanship and love of country. Now if Blaine lost by a mere chance, and he still retains every desirable qualification, and if we should desert him in this to him emphatically the crisis of his life, the question arises, would we not be in some measure unjust? Again, would it not be better to possibly with right on our side than to triumph leaving behind us an offended right? As humanity moves this will be doubtless Blaine's last chance, and equally so with Sherman. Not necessarily so with Lincoln, and with these three names I rest. There is no inspiration created by any other now in view. In the last presidential campaign we were fairly defeated. We may be again, but were we so disabled as to permit us to withdraw our "Plumed Knight" with honor? I freely admit that from many standpoints Lincoln seems to be most available, that with his nomination the people would favor with him flood-gates. Yet admit a possible reverse, who then would rally the broken columns? Again, the tendency of the times is to concede the second term to any reasonable administration, and taking these things together I ask humbly, would it not be better to make our fight with Blaine, make our best effort with him, and then if by any chance we fail, we shall add to our strength the inevitable blending of the conservative and progressive in the increasing Republican sentiment of the South, and should have for a leader, fresh, free, and unhampered, the most invincible Republican leader on the American continent, R. T. Lincoln.—Ruel Alden.

Oregon City, Ore.—My choice would be Roscoe Conkling if he could be made available; and next to him John Sherman. Robert T. Lincoln may be equally good, and, perhaps, preferable to both of these on the score of availability; but it seems to be not exactly the fair thing to lay an old and tried leader like Sherman on the shelf and take up a young recruit for the most important position. Still, if among our civilian desires to be honored with the highest gift Republicans have to bestow, that man is John Sherman. We don't want Blaine. Any man who has written and published, as Blaine did, that Grant did not have Secretary Taney issue an order for the removal of the public deposits from the United States bank, but only order'd that no more of the public moneys should be deposited, is not fit for the Presidency. The statement is false, as can be easily shown; and whether Blaine said it ignorantly, or for the purpose of throwing a tip to those who continue to worship Stephens, it matters not. He is the arch demagogue of the country—never excelled in this respect by any one, and never equalled except by Thomas Jefferson.—E. Warner.

Coolidge, Kan.—We of the West are earnestly in favor of protection. Our necessities imperatively demand it. Jas. G. Blaine is the acknowledged champion of the policy of protection to American industries. He is the most popular as well as the ablest of American statesmen. It was through no fault of his that he was defeated in '84, and defection and Jacobinism both defeated for the Presidency and then elected. Blaine can get more Republican votes and more Democratic votes than any other Republican. The scale is in Blaine's favor. While figuring on Indiana, Connecticut and New Jersey as doubtful states, would it not be well to consider that all the Pacific states are doubtful unless Blaine be our candidate? It is ever doubtful whether any other Republican would be so strong in New York as Blaine. He ran many thousands ahead of the Congressional tickets in that state in 1884. Give us Blaine first. If we must have a new man Fowler, of Tennessee, will suit the Blaine men.—W. A. Merrill.

Somers, Conn.—My preference would be Hawley first and Lincoln second, as Connecticut has never been presented with the honor of one of her sons living in the state being elevated to the Presidency.—Randolph Fuller.

Malden, W. Va.—Mr. George J. Gillespie sends a poetical contribution, from which we extract these stanzas:

I do not write, just to complain
Of failures of the past;
I write to the name of worthy Blaine,
And will until the last.

Must talent lose her bold relief,
Must merit lose her name?
Must we be duped by such a chief,
That uses Lamont's brain?

Must our industries bloom or fade,
Or fasten to decay?
Must that vile vulture called "free trade,"
Devour our workmen's pay?

It must not be; then strike the foul
That lies from o'er the sea,
And hush the boast that always growls,
Forever with the free.

Then rise up, freemen of the land,
And strike for honest fame,
And head your ticket with the grand,
The great and worthy Blaine!

Wickliffe, Ky.—This town has about 100 Republicans, and the choice of nearly all is Robert T. Lincoln.—Reader.

Brown's, Ill.—Let the nominee be Robert T. Lincoln, or your Ohio governor or our Illinois governor, Uncle Robert. I think it would be dangerous to risk Blaine any more. I know of some of the third party Prohibitionists who would vote for Lincoln who would not vote for Blaine.—Silas Manford.

For Robert T. Lincoln as the nominee: Cyrus Shinn, Oneida, Kan.; D. R. Banks, Elm Grove, W. Va.; A. C. Baird, Cumberland, O.; T. E. Hammer, Pleasanton, Kan.; W. H. Warren, jr., Allegan, Mich.

Wetaerga, Wis.—Upon the subject of the selection of a candidate to lead the Republicans in 1888, your correspondent, G. E. Boren, of Elizabethtown, Tenn., in the Blade of December 10, expresses my sentiments exactly when he says: "The only question to be considered is availability, that the nomination of Blaine as in 1884 would result in disastrous defeat to the party. The reasons he gives for his opinion are unanswerable and must be patent to every intelligent person; what he says about other men named in his letter are all sound and correct, but there is one thing that seems to be overlooked by all your correspondents, which is the necessity of selecting a candidate that will be able to carry the Republican vote of the state of New York. It is a well known fact that Mr. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling of New York, though both good Republicans, and each probably the most brilliant and influential man in his state, are personally hostile to each other. It is unnecessary to inquire the cause or where the blame belongs.

It is almost a certainty that no man can be elected President without the vote of the state of New York, and it is equally certain that no Republican can carry that state with Roscoe Conkling opposed or even indifferent to the result.—An Old Republican.

Mt Pulaski, Ill.—My choice for President is the man who most of all has earned that distinction, whose services to his country merit his country's gratitude, whose overshadowing ability and unwonted resources most peculiarly fit him for the chief magistracy of a great Nation. His name is James G. Blaine, for whom the martyr Lincoln predicted a brilliant future, whom the lamented great Garfield loved so dearly, whom a combination of untoward accidents very narrowly defeated, for which he was in no wise responsible, and who for that reason alone is entitled to a renomination. Who is abler, who would make as good a President, who but Blaine can carry the Pacific states, who can poll more votes in New York, who, on account of his tariff views, would stand so good a chance to carry New Jersey, Connecticut and the tobacco and manufacturing states of the South? In the language of a recent Blade editorial, "Mr. Blaine is the most noted and most brilliant of American statesmen. His views carry more weight with the mass of his fellow countrymen than those of any other American citizen," and for these and other valid reasons, the Blade and all other sensible people, to be consistent, ought to come out squarely for him and stand by him, and he will surely be elected and justify their faith and support.—Hugh Chumley.

Murphysboro, Ill.—I have asked the views of a large number of prominent Republicans on this question, and eight out of every ten are in favor of R. T. Lincoln as first choice. While none have any objections to Blaine, they all have fears as to his availability, owing to jealousy of some in his own party. Give us Lincoln and Hawley, and success is ours. On these two all Republicans can unite, and none can resist. We will sweep the country like a whirlwind. But should they not be the candidates, we will support the nominee of the Chicago convention next June.—Henry Whitekey.

The following believe Blaine the best nominee: T. M. Lamons, West Plains, Mo.; M. Bradford, Kanopolis, Kan.; Elmer E. Laws, Bryant, Ill.; A. W. Brown, Denver, Colo.; D. Reese, Westminster, Md.

DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF THE YEAR.

Some of the More Noted of Earth's Inhabitants Who Have Gone Over to the "Great Majority."

The grim reaper has been particularly busy in the ranks of the statesmen. Among the distinguished politicians and publicists who have died within the year were ex-Vice President William A. Wheeler, James Speed, attorney general under Abraham Lincoln and one of the last survivors of the official advisers of the martyr President; Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, one of the most conspicuous of Virginia's members of Congress of a third of a century ago; Hon. Luke P. Poland, ex-Senator A. A. Sargeant, E. B. Washburne, ex-Congressman and ex-Minister to France; Gov. John S. Marmaduke, of Missouri; Gov. J. H. Bodwell, of Maine; Daniel Manning, Clark Freeman, ex-Comptroller of the Currency; Hon. Thos. C. Manning, minister to Mexico; Hon. S. C. Moffatt, Representative in Congress from Michigan; Governor Washington Bartlett, of California, and the following ex-governors: Wm. B. Washburne, of Massachusetts; William Smith, of Virginia; William Aiken, of South Carolina; Luke Blackburn, of Kentucky; Clauncey F. Cleveland and A. H Holley, of Connecticut; A. C. Gibbs, of Oregon; W. R. Miller, of Arkansas; Anson P. Morrill, of Maine, and W. Fi. Ross, of Delaware. Of the distinguished foreign statesmen and publicists who have departed within the past twelve months were Lord Iddesleigh and Sergt. Ballentine, of England; Michael Katkoff, the Russian journalist and diplomate, and Leon Clery Vacher, the French statesman and scientist.

Conspicuous among the *litterateurs* who have laid down their pens in the past few months are John G. Saxe, Sylvanus Cobb, Philip Burke Marston, Dinah Mulock Craik, Emma Lazarus, Benjamin F. Taylor, Mrs. Henry Wood, Charles J. Peterson, of *Peterson's Magazine*; Lady Ann Brassey, author of "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam;" Jean Victor Duruy, the French historian; Alfred A. Fleury and Paul Feval, French authors, and James Grant, the English novelist.

Science, within the year, has been called to mourn the loss of E. L. Youmans, the writer on general scientific subjects; Spencer F. Baird, natur list; P. H. Hayden, geologist; Alvan Clark, manufacturer of optical instruments; Daniel Davis, electrician; William Cameron, explorer and geologist; James B. Eads, engineer; Sir Joseph Whitworth, British engineer and gunmaker; Gustav. R. Kerchoff, German naturalist; Baron Theodore von Appoizer, Austrian astronomer; E. M. Caro, French philosopher; A. F. Pott, German philologist, and Francisque Michel, French archæologist.

Among the notable theologians whose deaths have been chronicled within the year, were: Henry Ward Beecher, Horatio Potter, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York; William Bacon Stevens, head of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of East Pennsylvania; Bishop W. L. Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal church, of New York; William Greenleaf Elliot, chancellor of the Washington university, of St. Louis; W. M. Greene, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Mississippi; Alfred Lee, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal See of Delaware; Truman M. Post, father of Congregationalism in the Mississippi Valley; Daniel McGettigan, archbishop of Armagh, Ireland; Vicar-General Quinn, of the Archdiocese of New York; Peter John Beckx, general of the Jesuits; John Papst, a noted Jewish convert; Asahel Nettleton, missionary, and Rev. J. H. Post, a well known writer on theological subjects.

Law is represented on the death-list of the year by Judge Samuel H. Treat, of the Southern Illinois Federal district; David R. Carter, Chief Justice of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia; Wm. B. Woods, Associate Justice of the Supreme court of the United States; Thomas S. Aste, Associate Justice of the Supreme court of North Carolina; Judge John W. Harris, of Texas; John G. Rogers, Chief Justice of the Circuit court of Cook county, Ill.; Augustus Soule, ex-Judge of the Massachusetts Supreme court; Judge John F. Shoffner, of Rhode Island; Judge M. M. Berry, of Minnesota; Judge James Jackson, of the Georgia Supreme court; Chief Justice Walbridge, of Manitoba; Sir William Young, ex-Chief Justice of Nova Scotia; Sir Matthew Cameron, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ontario, and James A. Lawson, of the Court of the Queen's Bench, Ireland.

The world of art has suffered untold loss in the year by the death of Peter Hanson, landscape artist; Annie C. Shaw, portrait painter; Samuel Cousins, British engraver; J. S Hofer, German sculptor; A. E. Bellens, French sculptor; J. N. Kramskoi, Russian painter; Nicaise Keyser, Belgian painter; J. R. H. Lazerges, French painter; E. A. Ouldine, French sculptor; Frederick E. Vischer, German art critic; Philip Rousseau, French painter, and Gustav A. Guillamet, French character painter.

Conspicuous among the musicians, vocal and instrumental, whose names are inscribed on the year's death-roll are Jenny Lind, Maurice Strakosch, the opera manager; Mlle. Aimee and Alice Oates, opera singers; Charles Wehle, composer and pianist; Edward Remenyi, Hungarian violinist; Matteo Salvi, Italian composer; Felix Coutley, French pianist; Andrew Fairbairn, Scottish singer; Auguste Massol, French vocalist; E. H. L. Sloper, English pianist; William Vincent Wallace, Irish composer, and Filippo Filippi, Italian musical critic.

In the dramatic profession this grim reaper has cut down John T. Raymond, Marie Zoe, Liza Weber, Alice May, George C. Howard, John Howson, Lillie Hinton, J. H. Dyer, W. E. Sheridan, Mrs. Estelle Potter, Herr Schoene, German comedian; Sir Charles Young, autihor of John, the Peasant; William Schuyler and Theodore Moss, theatrical managers, and Jules Lacroix and Henri Jean, French dramatists.

Among the well known educators who have died were: President Roswell D. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Prof. John Avery, of Bowdoin College; Prof. G. W. Hamilton, of the University of the City of New York; Mark Hopkins, formerly president of Williams College; Jonathan Pierson, of Union College; John H. Wheeler, of the University of Virginia; ex-president John B. White, of Wakeforest College, North Carolina; Francis W. Tustin, of Bucknll University, Pennsylvania; Henry Hart, president of Girard College; Eleazer Roote, founder of Carroll College; Moses Lyford, of Colb University, and Charles Short, of Columbia College.

The science of medicine has contributed many eminent names to the year's necrological list, the best known of which are those of Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; Theodore R. Varick, John M. Carnochan, James Knight, W. P. Shattuck, W. L. Wheeler, Ezra Dyer, Richard Quain, William Perry, Arthur Farre, British Surgeon; Luis Arnaiy, Hungarian anatomist, and Bernhardt Langenbeeck, German surgeon.

The most distinguished names in the business world which are added to the year's mortuary record are those of John Roach, the shipbuilder; Alexander Mitchell, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad; Henry Brewster, carriage manufacturer; Wesley J. Dodge, the jeweler; S. P. Rounds, formerly public printer, and the publisher of an Omaha newspaper at the time of his death; and A. B. Hill, president of the New York Stock Exchange.

Within the year Rear Admiral Thomas T. Craven, Lieut John W. Dauenhower, Rear Admiral Theodore P. Green, Commodore Charles Green, Commodore P. C. Johnson, Rear Admiral J. M. Mullany, Re r Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson, Commodore W. P. Truxton, Commodore E. P. Lull, Lieut. Commander T. M. Gardner, Lieut. J. E. Jones, and other well known naval officers have sailed over the dark river.

Death, too, has been thinning the ranks of the veterans. Gen. W. H. Hazen, chief signal officer; Gen. Charles P. Stone, who won distinction as a soldier by his service on two continents; Gen. A. W. Doniphan, of Mexican war fame; Gen. J. P. Ricketts, first commander of the celebrated Ricketts battery; Gen Valdemir, a Polish insurgent chief and one of the Union officers in the war of the rebellion; Gen. Roswell S. Ripley, of the Confederate army; Maj. James P. McIlrath, of the secret service bureau of the United States during the civil war, and Gen. Valentine Baker, who won imperishable glory in the British and Turkish armies, have been retired by the celestial mustering officer since the year began.

Among the celebrities difficult of classification who have died since the beginning of 1887 were Mrs. Abby Kelly, the famous Abolition speaker and writer; Jennie Collin, the philanthropist, and founder of "Bolin's Bower," in Boston; Daniel Pratt, the "great American traveler;" Hermann, the well-known magician; J. Utschurn, founder of the Order of United Workmen; John Taylor, president of the Mormon church, and Muley-Hassan, sultan of Morocco.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN,"

Our new edition 50 page book, will be sent FREE to ladies, on receipt of 2c. stamp for return postage, if you will mention this paper and address promptly. The Home Treatment Association, 527 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

An Interesting Subject to Farmers at This Season of the Year.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—The *Farmers Review* in this weeks issue on the water supply for the winter and the percentage of farmers that keep sheep, says: Since our reports on the water supply November 19, 1887, rains have fallen almost generally and our crop corps of correspondents has furnished us particulars about the improvement on the supply. We summarize as follows: Indiana—33 counties supply plenty, 25 counties supply fair, 4 counties short; Ohio—21 counties supply plenty, 18 counties supply fair, 12 counties supply short; Kentucky—12 counties supply plenty, 4 supply fair, 2 supply short.

The following figures give some idea of the percentage of farmers who keep sheep in the different states, but it should be borne in mind many of the reports doubtless refer to farmers who merely keep a few coarse sheep as brush trimmers, or for an occasional carcass for mutton.

In Northern Ohio, Southern Michigan, Northwestern Illinois and Southeastern Wisconsin, however, fine wool sheep are extensively kept.

Illinois—One hundred and one counties 15 2 5 per cent. of the farmers keep sheep. The per cent. ranges from 1 per cent. in a number of counties to 75 per cent in Clarke, Jefferson and Williamson counties.

Indiana—In 41 counties 35½ per cent of the farmers keep sheep. The per cent runs from 1 per cent in Benton county to 90 per cent in Noble county.

Michigan—In 26 counties 64 per cent of the farmers keep sheep. The range is from 10 per cent in Benzie county to over 90 per cent in Calhoun, Livingston and Ingham counties.

Wisconsin—In 31 counties 27 per cent. of the farmers keep sheep. The range is from 5 per cent in Lafayette county to 84 per cent. in Kenosha, 85 per cent. in Onakee county.

Ohio—In 47 counties 50 per cent. of the farmers keep sheep and the range is from 3 per cent. in Hardin county to over 90 per cent. in Clarke, Harrison and Huron counties.

Missouri—In 99 counties 22½ per cent of farmers keep sheep and the range from 1 per cent. in some counties to 80 per cent in Callaway and 90 per cent in Benton county.

Kentucky—In 15 counties 38 per cent of the farmers keep sheep, and the range is from none in Bracken county to 85 per cent in Anderson county.

Iowa—In 72 counties, 6 per cent. of the farmers keep sheep, and the range is from a small per cent. in the majority of counties to 50 per cent. in Davis county.

Minnesota—In 43 counties 12 per cent. of the farmers keep sheep, and the range is from 1 per cent. in a number of counties to 80 per cent. in Scotia county.

Nebraska—In 29 counties 50 per cent. of the farmers keep sheep, and the range is from a small per cent. in a majority of the counties to 75 per cent. in Harlam county.

Kansas—In 55 counties 3⅓ per cent. of the farmers keep sheep and the range is from a small per cent. in a majority of counties to 25 per cent. in Woodson county.

Dakota—In 20 counties 7 3-5 per cent. os farmers keep sheep. The per cent. in Triall county is placed at 40; in all the others it is small.

For the Blade.

A POLITICAL ACROSTIC.

Rouse up now, ye bone and sinew
Of the greatest nation born;
Blend your strength for right, or from you
Every laurel shall be torn!
Remember, both high office,
True, and they're the nation's curse;
Truckling tools wing them to glory,
Led on by a foul, fat purse;
In the past one righteous sovereign
Never swerved in peace or strife;
Can heredity be proven
Other than a law of life?
Let the truth, then, of this saying
Nerve us to the proper course.
Blue Mound, Kan.

Have you read Tokology? See "Adv." this page.

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OF FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with The Weekly Blade one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the Blade. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the Blade, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the Weekly Blade one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The Blade has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

Military Heroes—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

Religious Heroes—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Eminent Men—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by mail.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—**Do you see any good coming out of it?**

No. 2.—**Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

No. 3.—**Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

No. 4.—**In which village would you bring up your Children?**

No. 5.—**This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Thirty-Eighth Annual Statement of the UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

For the Year ending December 31st, 1887.

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve at 4 per cent. Actuaries' Table (N. Y. State Standard) including dividends	$5,061,706 00	By Bonds and Mortgages	$2,749,949 53
" Claims in course of settlement	8,535 00	" United States and other Bonds	2,269,376 86
" Premiums paid in advance	2,108 44	" Real Estate	102,300 00
" Liability for lapsed policies presentable for surrender	1,645 00	" Cash in Banks	78,589 26
" Accrued rent and unpresented accounts	3,831 09	" Cash in office	618 45
" Surplus as regards policy holders	653,670 81	" Loans on Policies	142,075 73
		" Loans secured by Collat-rals	149,759 52
		" Balances due by Agents, secured	25,823 52
		" Interest Accrued	65,576 00
		" Deferred Premiums, less 10 per cent. for collection	78,314 45
		" Premiums in course of collection, less 10 per cent	72,718 47
Total	$5,734,496 34	Total	$5,734,496 34

On the former basis of valuation (*i.e.*, American Table and 4½ per cent. interest) the Surplus is $968,745 81

DIRECTORS.

Charles E. Bill	P. Van Volkenburgh	Henry L. Clapp	Jos. M. DeVeau
Isaac N. Phelps	Julius Catlin, Jr.	Ewd. Van Volkenburgh	Charles E. Bill, Jr.
Clinton Gilbert	Henry C. Hulbert	Charles P. Fraleigh	Francis L. Leland
Henry W. Ford	James R. Plum	John P. Munn, M. D.	E. H. Perry, Jr.
W. A. Ogden Hegeman	George G. Williams	George H. Burford	A. S. Frissell
Nathan F. Graves	Antony Wollach	Alfred S. Heidelbach	John Jay Knox
H. K Thurber	Oliver P. Buel	Alfred Wheelwright	

OFFICERS.

GEORGE H. BURFORD - - President.	
C. P. FRALEIGH	Secretary
A. WHEELWRIGHT	Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM T. STANDEN	Actuary
ARTHUR C. PERRY	Cashier
J. P. MUNN	Medical Director

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

CHARLES E. BILL	Banker
ISAAC N. PHELPS	Banker
P. VAN VOLKENBURG	Dry Goods
GEO. G. WILLIAMS	Pres't Chemical Nat. Bk
JULIUS CATLIN, Jr.	Dry Goods

Home Office, 261, 262, and 263 Broadway, New York.

J. S. GAFFNEY, Superintendent of Agencies.

All Policies issued by this Company are INDISPUTABLE after three years.

All Death Claims paid WITHOUT DISCOUNT as soon as satisfactory proofs have been received.

Payments to Policy Holders for year 1887, Death Claims, Endowments, Surrenders, etc. $524,729 91

Interest due and unpaid on Investments, Dec. 31, 1887, only $ 17 97-100

	1886.	1887.
New Insurance Written	$ 3,980,975	$ 5,597,820
Total Amount Insurance in force, December 31st	$20,770,288	$23,157,468

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similies of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

L. H. GLOSBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated in 1868 for 25

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

HEALTH AS WELL AS BEAUTY.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

It is the beginning of a New Year, a time which always blossoms with good resolutions that are frequently destined to wither and fall before the year has left its infancy. It is well to make them, however,—well to have the aspirations towards something better than has hitherto been reached in life, for it may be that among them all, some flower will produce fruit.

Usually these resolutions are all in the direction of mental and moral improvement. The body seems of little moment—at least no stress is laid upon making this home of the spirit a fitting one for its indwelling. The influence of a beautiful home for the body itself is by no means lightly esteemed. We are told much of the refining influence of the every day surroundings. No one would imagine that health and vigor are at their highest, that the body can be at its best, if the home is, in some of its parts unclean, if the architecture is faulty, so that there is constant danger of the whole building going to pieces, chilling the blood with fear of this catastrophe. The ideal home is firm and solid from foundation to attic; it is clean and wholesome; each part is in harmony with all of the others; beauty does not invite in one place and vileness repel in another; but it is a complete whole that gives at once a sense of comfort and delight to all who enter there.

It seems strange sometimes, when the importance to the body of such a well-organized home is so thoroughly understood that the necessity of rendering the body itself perfect in its development, in order to be a fitting dwelling for the inner being is not more fully recognized. From childhood up, there is, among the masses of the people, an almost entire neglect of any means of rendering it perfect in all of its parts, in which condition only can it possess the highest requisites for the purposes of its creation.

Possibly by going back through the centuries a cause for this indifference may be found. There was a time when the harmonious development of all the organs of the body was the foundation of education, and this was true, not only of the young, but of men and women as well. Among the ancient Greeks personal beauty was considered the most desirable of all possessions, and prizes were given to the handsomest man and the most beautiful woman. It was not simply the perfection of feature that was considered, but the symmetrical form, which could only be obtained by attention to exercise and an observance of the laws of health. A malformed body was a disgrace, and so far was this idea carried, that such were put out of existence as soon as born into the world. The sentiment with regard to physical development was so strong that it extended into everything that was done for the public benefit. It was practically embodied in their laws, and public games were instituted, the controlling purpose of which was to stimulate a desire for bodily perfection. This is what is said of them in the "Cyclopedia of Universal History:"

"It was rather in symmetrical activity than in massiveness or gigantic proportions that they surpassed the other races of their times. In beauty of body, they were peerless. In agility and nervous vigor they were the finest specimens of men that the world has produced. Not that hardiness and endurance were wanting. Not that the bodily life of the Greek was tender and unable to endure. Not that he was more susceptible to hardships and exposure, less able to endure fatigue and combat exhaustion; for his body was capable of a discipline and consequent endurance rarely equaled, never surpassed, even in the ancient world. But he was more *alive* in his physical being, more highly developed, more complete in his nervous structure, than any other man of antiquity."

There is no question but that the perfect physical development of the ancient Greek had much to do with his energy of thought, his vivid imagination, his wonderful mental powers in all directions. It was not strange that he stood superior to all other nations with whom he came in friendly contest or to whom he was opposed in war. And his supremacy lasted so long as he gave thought to the care and highest development of his body.

At a later date when an intellectual awakening came to the world, the mind was held to be so far beyond the body, and strangely enough, so independent of it, that its improvement came to be suddenly neglected. Perhaps the self-infliction of pain, the scourging and other sufferings voluntarily endured by the religious orders deepened this feeling, until the practices for producing a perfect and symmetrical body were ignored entirely, or forgotten.

Fortunately, for the present and future generations, an awakening has come again in regard to the necessity of physical culture. The movement has been of slow but steady growth, but the result is seen in the establishment of gymnasiums and schools for this purpose, and the increasing confidence in such means for the promotion of perfect bodily development. Nor is it only men and boys who are getting the benefit of this change. Girls and women are studying the laws that govern growth and vigor. They are learning that whatever brings into use *all* of the muscles of the body promotes health and strength, that exercise which secures a free circulation of the blood, produces a good, clear complexion, gives suppleness to the limbs, and makes the brain clearer and quicker in action.

In all large cities, gymnasiums are considered an absolute necessity, for men and boys, and there is no good reason why what makes their brothers strong and vigorous, should not produce the same effect upon the girls, and result in giving us a race of well-developed women, strong and beautiful.

Physical education should begin with the children, and include both sexes. That there is a growing interest in this direction is true, and it is to be hoped that mothers will realize the importance of such training for their daughters, and insist upon its forming a part of their education.

I heard, not long since, a very interesting description of a flourishing school for the physical culture of women and children, in one of the large eastern cities, established about ten years ago, and now one of the favorite institutions of the place. Its head is a graduate from a leading medical college, and a most accomplished and cultivated woman. The building was erected for the purpose by those who recognized the importance of the work, and desired to secure permanence for the institution.

"The work done in this gymnasium is unique in its aim and scope, and has long since passed beyond the stage of experiment, and the liberal and constantly increasing patronage bestowed upon it from year to year by the most intelligent and cultivated people has not only proved the need that existed for such an institution, but has shown how deep a hold the subject of physical culture has taken upon the best portions of the community.

"The new hall has a floor space of 96 feet by 63 feet, and is 34 feet high. The 52 dressing-rooms furnished last year proved insufficient to meet the demand; accordingly fourteen new ones have been added. All dressing-rooms are furnished with commodious sponge-baths, supplied with hot and cold water, and there are 450 or more lockers or costume closets, also bath-rooms, containing tubs and other bathing arrangements.

There are commodious waiting-rooms for classes, others for parents and visitors, and a gallery provided with seats extending entirely around the hall. The latter is also provided with a Roberts running track—the very best in the market—giving ample opportunity for extended running exercises. Special attention has been given to heating and ventilation, and the hall is liberally furnished with the most approved apparatus now in use in gentlemen's gymnasiums, besides which the bowling-alleys connected with the gymnasium will be used for special development. Ladies of all ages seek health and strength in this gymnasium."

It is a pity that every city and town in the United States could not have similar advantages, if on a smaller scale, to those enjoyed by Boston.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Button Bag.—Get a chamois skin and cut a piece 8 ins. one way and 12 ins. the other. Pink across one of the long sides. Draw a conventional pattern of stars, crosses or crescents for two or three inches in depth across the other, and paint them over with different colors of gilding. Cut a row of fine holes an inch and a half below the pinking. Now sew it up on the wrong side, turn and run in ribbons to draw it up by. If any one likes the word "Buttons" may be painted upon one side.

Queen Ann Window Curtains.—Some one desires to know how those are made. If the curtains are for a room already furnished, choose colors of cashmere that will harmonize with what is already in use. Three or four colors may be employed. Get the material in proper lengths for the windows. Cut it in strips of whatever width you may like best, and sew them together, hemming the seams down upon the wrong side. Put fancy stitches down the seams upon the right side. If any one likes to do the work, dadsies, half moons, etc., may be worked in the strips at intervals. A band of velvet across the top, and for a border is very handsome. The velvet should be choses with reference to the colors used in the curtains.—ED.

Diamond Dyes Painting.—Our editor has kindly given me permission to give my method of doing cheap water color work. The liquid colors are make from diamond dyes. It is better for six or eight to club together in getting a set of colors, for each package of the dye makes a pint or more of color. Dissolve in 1 pt. of hot water the following amount of the dyes: ¼ package violet; ¼ each cardinal and orange (for flesh color), ½ package green; ½ package orange; ¼ package yellow; ½ package cosine (rose color); ½ package blue for cotton; ½ package Bismarck, (brown); 1 package scarlet for cotton; 1 package slate (black). These are the colors mostly used for painting. In painting plates or cards the colors are put upon them directly, while in painting upon fabrics the whole design is painted first with Chinese white, laid on thickly. Camel hair brushes No. 2 and 5 are mostly used. A pane of glass makes a good palllette. Put upon it a few drops of the colors wanted and try each upon a piece of paper, thin a little of the color until it is of the lightest shade required and work it on. The darker shades are made by waters of the color made a shade darker. Any one used to painting will understand it, and will see at once how cheap the colors are, for a color box of twelve water colors costs $3.50, while the same number of colors made from Diamond Dyes would cost only $1 20, and make enough for a dozen color boxes. These liquid colors can be used for coloring maps and photographs, and in fact for any of the uses water colors are put to.

One girl took twelve colors and made from them fourteen sets of colors and sold them for 50 cents a set. Where one can teach them to use them, they could earn a neat little sum. A box of colors would be a nice present to some young friend.

It may be well to add a few words about mixing the colors. Orange and cardinal make a salmon color, green and yellow a grass green; blue and yellow make green; orange and green make old gold; green and brown, russet; orange and blue, unlisted in the list. Use a quarter of a package to a pint of hot water. By washing with magenta, letting it dry, and washing over it with yellow, gives a rich cherry color. In painting upon photos, wet a cloth in the mouth and rub the picture lightly, before applying the colors. If they do not penetrate readily repeat the wetting. If any one wishes they can give more explicit directions for coloring photographs. I also paint upon velvet by first painting all over the design with thick Chinese white, mixed with strong gum arabic water. Outline books and cards are all the "go" now for children, and nothing in the paint line is so cheap to go on with as the above colors. Any art supply store can furnish outline books and cards, with directions for coloring them. After finishing, it is well to brush, after dry, over a solution of gum water or water megilp.—MAE MILLER

Music Pocket.—I will try to tell the sisters how I am making a music pocket: Take ½ yd. black velveteen, and upon the right side embroider a bunch of flowers. Now take a piece of pasteboard almost twice as large as the velvet, double it in the center, pad one side and cover with the velvet, lace the ends together with ribbon, line with some bright colored material, and attach a ribbon and bow to hang by.—EMMA JONES, Milroy, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; c st, chain stitch; ch st, time chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Handsome Lace Edging.—Cast on 19 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 1—t t o—k 2—t t o—s o—p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—p 2—k 2—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—k 2. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 3d row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 2—p 5—k 1. 4th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1. 5th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—k 3—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 3—p 2—k 2—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—k 1. 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 9—k 2—p 5—k 1. 7th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—k 4—t t o—k 2—t t o—k 2—p 2—k 12. 8th row—k 14—p 11—k 2—p 5—k 1. 9th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—k 11—p 2—k 12. 10th row—cast off 5—k 8—p 11—k 2—p 5—k 1. 11th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—s and b—k 7—n—p 2—k 2—t to twice—n—t t o twice—n—k 1. 12th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—k 2—p 9—k 2—p 5—k 1. 13th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—s and b—k 5—n—p 2—k 9. 14th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1. 15th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—s and b—k 3—n—p 2—k 2—5 t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—k 1. 16th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 17th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—s and b—k 1—n—p 2—k 12. 18th row—k 14—p 3—k 2—p 5—k 1. 19th row—s 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 2—k 3 together—p 2—k 12. 20th row—cast off 4—k 12—p 5—k 1—repeat.—MATTIE WOLFORD, Bedford, Iowa.

Wheat Ear Lace.—Cast on 5 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—t o—k 1—t w 2—p 2 tog. 2d row—t o o 2—p 2 tog—k 4. 3d row—k 3—t f o—k 1—t o 2—p 2 tog. 4th row—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 5. 5th row—k 4—t t o—k 1—t t o 2—p 2 tog. 6th row—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 6. 7th row—k 6—t t o 2—p 2 tog. 8th row—t t o 2—p 5 tog—k 3. I hope I have made this plain.—MRS. FRANK B., Madison, O.

Crocheted Collars.—Some time ago I noticed a lady asked for directions for making a child's collar. I have never seen an answer to her inquiry so will tell her how I made a very handsome one for my little boy of three. I crocheted three-quarters of a yard of lace (the spider web pattern) six inches wide. I also crocheted a narrow edge about half an inch wide. Then I gathered the lace and sewed it to a narrow strip of muslin and sewed the edge to the upper edge of the muslin, and the collar was complete. I hope I have made the directions plain.—MRS. C. R. CUNNINGHAM, Morrow, Kansas.

DAME FASHION'S VOICE.

Tea gowns are extremely fashionable for home wear. They are made mostly with the easy, flowing effects that Annie Jenness Miller recommends.

Either very long cloaks or short jackets are worn this winter.

It is said that tucks are likely to become very popular for the trimming of dress skirts. This is in harmony with the plain effects sought for out-of-door dresses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ANGRY WORD.

Speak not an angry word to grieve the heart,
Of any living creature neath the sun;
For they, like thee, can feel the fiery dart
That wounds them sore, and through their vitals run.

Keep back thine angry passions, curb them well,
Restrain the angry word till passion's o'er;
For word one word may do, thou ne'er can'st tell,
It may bring grief or sorrow ever more.

—L. S.

The best way for the writer of the poems mentioned to get them published is to send them to some publisher and see if he will bring them out. Select the publishing house with reference to the general character of its publications, which you can easily ascertain by watching the book notices in this paper.—ED.

FROM THE PINE WOODS.—May I send another message from "the heart of the Pine Woods?" The "world of trouble" from which the editor so kindly tried to save me, came down as a tidal wave of letters, and threatened to leave enough pebbles in my shoe for lasting penance. No stronger proof could be given that the BLADE is read everywhere, and by all classes. Some used pages of toolscap in describing personal matters, (which surely were none of my business!) when a few seeds were wanted. The want should have been its own apology, and three lines—with stamp (forgotten by a number,) would have secured as prompt attention. One good lady asked me to send her "specimens of all that grows in Washington Territory." Bless her heart! It would take an army of men, and a train of cars. I wish to say right here, that all proper requests were answered as promptly and fully as possible, and I hope to hear some time, that I have given satisfaction.

Another well-wisher wrote me, piously protesting against my statement of "no Sunday." Well! its a melancholy fact, but a stubborn one. There was never a truer saying than "One half the world don't know how the other half lives." And so long as our respective "peck measures" limit our visions, there is a deal to be taken in faith, when the outside world is considered. I do not undertake to explain or justify, but to give a few pictures of life as it is out here. "The center of the world is where one is." Lights and shadows depend much on one's position.

But my letter produced some results that certainly were not expected when it was written. Quite a number wrote me who were looking for homes, and while I answered all questions to the best of my knowledge, to each and all I said, "Come and see for yourself." We have plenty of good government land here yet—well wooded, well watered, and waiting for those who are not afraid to work, and are willing to wait. And some have come and have filed on homesteads, saying this country is good enough for them. If but half the number come we shall have a large settlement here, the BLADE a longer list of readers, and we trust they will bring Sunday and higher civilization with them. We hope much from the future, but at present we are only "respectable heathen."

What will that dear lady say if I tell her we have children out here who don't know what Thanksgiving day is? And Christmas—alas! is little but a name. I don't mean any irreverence, but I tell you the Gospel chariot must needs have dollars for wheels—anywhere.

In our own home we aim to keep as many as possible of the customs that marked times and seasons in the far away East, and you may be sure we paid due honor to Thanksgiving day—the day that is wholly our own as a nation. We, too, feasted and gave thanks for bountiful returns of corn, roots, and fruit. Instead of traditional turkey, we found fatted fowls a fair substitute, and as on the first Thanksgiving day in our land, the juicy venison roast had place, while the indispensible mince and pumpkin pie, the cranberry sauce and the numerous "goodies" furnished enough for fullness and for dreams.

The present month has been one of inclement weather, to be thankful for, so clear, bright and crisp. We have a slight fall of snow now, but the ground is not all covered, mercury 34 deg., and if the snow is brushed away in spots, blue violets, bluebells, and wild strawberry blossoms smile up at one. Our forest, being ever green, has little or no change of color in it, as the seasons come and go, the tamarack being most noticeable. So vivid, feathery green during summer, its golden hues in autumn, that seen a mesh of sunbeams tangled in tree tops, its lace-like effect against the winter sky, are equally beautiful. A walk in the woods is simply delightful—even now. Beautiful things meet one at every step. The evergreen vines, the mosses and lichens form a background, against which gleam the ruby-colored leaves of the Oregon grape.

Even as I wrote the last few lines the snow flakes came sifting softly down, with the brook for a background to break the silent fall. It flies three inches deep, "a good tracking snow," as the hunters say, and will probably stay with us until spirited away by "ye gentle chinook." But all the forest seems veritable fairy land! Every tree from lowest to topmost twig gleams with its burden of fleecy whiteness. The effect is most beautiful, even to one of my powers of description. Who would leave a nook like this to live on bleak prairie? And how cozy and warm and bright seems this "little summer time shut in" of our sitting room! Books, papers, pictures, easy chairs and work-baskets (the latter must be well stocked, with yards of "mending on hand,") the stand of thrifty plants—all the little things that swell the sum of pleasant living, and are never too good to use. I have mignonette, English daisies, velvet marigolds and coreopsis still in bloom, but we have too little clear sunshine to insure much winter blossoming. My calla, Easter lily and hyacinth bulbs in hanging baskets are wonderful, while my Scotch ivy is trying to cover the ceiling. Fir boughs can be made into almost any shape as picture frames, and the silvery surface of birch bark is a constant surprise and delight. Nature's "art school" is always open.

How much of the world's wonderful progress during the past few years is due to each one who will set her own little candle aflame! Those who try to "make a sunshine in a shady place" never know how many graceful heart throbs answer their efforts. I have thought of that so much while reading our kind letters of encouragement. Who shall count the harvest sheaves from "Home Talks" sowing? I am glad I know some men who agree heartily with "Philo F. Phinney, M. D." If there were more there would be less heartache among wives and mothers.

I am always glad to see a recipe given that can be met at moderate cost. So many of the good ladies who tell us in different papers so explicitly how to mix, bake, make and do all sorts of things, seem to speak from experience in large households with limitless supplies in storeroom and closet, and a corps of trained servants to carry out orders. Now we, who form the rank and file of the great army of housekeepers, have not always these aids to easy success. And we know, some of us by sorry experience, that one pair of hands, one head (with a little of the directions given, even if one poor head could remember it all, since being a cook is but one-ninth of the vocations demanding constant attention. Yet we appreciate what is dainty and pretty, and what is palateable, too. How many good things are missed or wasted because little accompanying directions are left understood, or left unpractised because of false pride. I confess I am a little proud that I know how to make a number of delicious dishes from what many people do not think worth saving, but which economy demands I shall use to the best advantage. The marked resources of a place like this, are in much contrast to my city home, but, as we are all able to "grow our own game" we have some recompense. And then the spicy breath of the pines insures such glorious health that happiness must needs keep step, and next winter—well, next winter there'll be ever so many tapers alight out here and the welcome will fall for you about our movements then.—JEANIE J.

Many thanks to our correspondent for her pleasant words in a private letter, and the pretty wreath—a thought of what she so vividly describes. We shall be glad to hear from her often.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell how crape may be cleaned?—MRS. A.

Will some one inform me through the Household, what pamphlet or a reliable treatise on bee culture? Would like something to serve as a guide for a new beginner.—MRS. J. BAINBRIDGE, Harrison, Neb.

Your bookseller ought to be able to give you this information.—ED.

Would like to know how to cook salsify.—J. E. MCCOLLUM, Washington, O.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me anything concerning the use of ice or spirits of turpentine in cases of diphtheria?—WATCHFUL, Hespeler, Ont.

If any readers of the HOUSEHOLD would favor us with reading matter and will send me a card, giving name and address, I will take pleasure in sending them some very interesting papers.—FLORA PLUMMERS, 706 E. 9th street, Des Moines, Iowa.

In Kansas a wife can hold property, buy, sell and dispose of same independent of her husband and still hold one half interest in his property. Now if the wife die without issue, can her husband hold any of her property, or will it go to her her nearest heir (it coming to her from her mother)?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one who understands the law thoroughly answer above question at once?—ED.

Will some one kindly give me a cure for almost continuous pain in the small of the back and left side? Get's worse the more I go around—also worse if I catch cold. Does any one know of a cure for the coldin mouth? I believe some plant will kill it, but do not know the name.—MRS. M. M. CALIFORNIA.

In glancing over the BLADE of October 13 my eye catches the Latin motto, *Labor omnia vincit*, and my memory floats backward to the time I last saw those dear words. Then as I read on, I note the signature "Philo," and I instantly conclude that the article "Business Avenues for Girls" was written by none other than an old Philomathean, and perhaps by an fellow class-mate, and so the idea possesses me to hear more of that writer. I am not particularly interested in "work for girls," but I am "muchly" interested to know if the writer of "Business Avenues for Girls" was ever a student in the O. W. University or not?—ADA.

Do any of the HOUSEHOLD know of some poor girl that would like to go through the Syracuse University, but cannot afford to pay her board? I would be glad to give to such an one, if she is willing to make herself useful, a home; it would be a saving to them of at least $6 per week for board and washing. The tuition is $20 per month. I had one young lady with me for some years, but she is married and has a home of her own. My family consists of only two and is within four blocks of the university. The next term will commence after the holidays. By writing to Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University, you can find out how far advanced you will have to be in order to enter college. Any one wishing to write to me can direct to—MRS. D. REIGEL, 78 University avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

By mistake the above did not appear as soon as it should have done, but perhaps it may not be too late yet.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller's address is 253 Fifth Avenue, New York City. She is the editor of the magazine *Dress*, which advocates the improvements in woman's dress that will conduce to their physical health and beauty. This question has been answered before.—ED.

If "E. H. S." will once try the recipe I give for constipation she will never be without the medicine I know: 1 lb. of figs, ¼ lb. of ground senna, 1 pt. of New Orleans molasses. Chop and mix fine the figs and boil in the molasses ten minutes. When cold add the senna, stirring thoroughly. Dose, 1 teaspoonful every night when necessary. Recipe is particularly for invalids and elderly people.—MRS. E. W., Whitmore, O.

MRS. D. G. Smith Allen, Kansas, the song, "Two Little Hands to Work for Jesus," is published by David C. Cook & Co., 13 and 15 Washington street, Chicago, Ill. Get song "Closer" to hang upon the wall. Printed in large type. Music book for teacher and organist. Write Cook for samples of lesson helps.—ALEX DODSON, Hunlock Creek, Luzerne county, Pa.

For "Water Lily:" It is said that a cup of hot water, taken after eating, will reduce flesh. Drink nothing during the meal, but fifteen or twenty minutes after rising from the table drink a cup of hot water, as hot as you can possibly sip it. I know of a lady here that reduced her flesh in an amazing manner by eating bread made from gluten flour, instead of the traditional turkey, we found fatted fowls a fair substitute, and as on the first Thanksgiving day in our land, the juicy venison roast had place, while the indispensible mince and pumpkin pie, the cranberry sauce and the numerous "goodies" furnished enough for fullness and for dreams.

The present month has been one of inclement weather, to be thankful for, so clear, bright and crisp. We have a slight fall of snow now, but the ground is not all covered, mercury 34 deg., and if the snow is brushed away in spots, blue violets, bluebells, and wild strawberry blossoms smile up at one. Our forest, being ever green, has little or no change of color in it, as the seasons come and go, the tamarack being most noticeable. So vivid, feathery green during summer, its golden hues in autumn, that seen a mesh of sunbeams tangled in tree tops, its lace-like effect against the winter sky, are equally beautiful. A walk in the woods is simply delightful—even now. Beautiful things meet one at every step. The evergreen vines, the mosses and lichens form a background, against which gleam the ruby-colored leaves of the Oregon grape.

Even as I wrote the last few lines the snow flakes came sifting softly down, with the brook for a background to break the silent fall. It flies three inches deep, "a good tracking snow," as the hunters say, and will probably stay with us until spirited away by "ye gentle chinook." But all the forest seems veritable fairy land! Every tree from lowest to topmost twig gleams with its burden of fleecy whiteness. The effect is most beautiful, even to one of my powers of description. Who would leave a nook like this to live on bleak prairie? And how cozy and warm and bright seems this "little summer time shut in" of our sitting room! Books, papers, pictures, easy chairs and work-baskets (the latter must be well stocked, with yards of "mending on hand,") the stand of thrifty plants—all the little things that swell the sum of pleasant living, and are never too good to use. I have mignonette, English daisies, velvet marigolds and coreopsis still in bloom, but we have too little clear sunshine to insure much winter blossoming. My calla, Easter lily and hyacinth bulbs in hanging baskets are wonderful, while my Scotch ivy is trying to cover the ceiling. Fir boughs can be made into almost any shape as picture frames, and the silvery surface of birch bark is a constant surprise and delight. Nature's "art school" is always open.

How much of the world's wonderful progress during the past few years is due to each one who will set her own little candle aflame! Those who try to "make a sunshine in a shady place" never know how many graceful heart throbs answer their efforts. I have thought of that so much while reading our kind letters of encouragement. Who shall count the harvest sheaves from "Home Talks" sowing? I am glad I know some men who agree heartily with "Philo F. Phinney, M. D." If there were more there would be less heartache among wives and mothers.

I am always glad to see a recipe given that can be met at moderate cost. So many of the good ladies who tell us in different papers so explicitly how to mix, bake, make and do all sorts of things, seem to speak from experience in large households with limitless supplies in storeroom and closet, and a corps of trained servants to carry out orders. Now we, who form the rank and file of the great army of housekeepers, have not always these aids to easy success. And we know, some of us by sorry experience, that one pair of hands, one head (with a little of the directions given, even if one poor head could remember it all, since being a cook is but one-ninth of the vocations demanding constant attention. Yet we appreciate what is dainty and pretty, and what is palateable, too. How many good things are missed or wasted because little accompanying directions are left understood, or left unpractised because of false pride. I confess I am a little proud that I know how to make a number of delicious dishes from what many people do not think worth saving, but which economy demands I shall use to the best advantage. The marked resources of a place like this, are in much contrast to my city home, but, as we are all able to "grow our own game" we have some recompense. And then the spicy breath of the pines insures such glorious health that happiness must needs keep step, and next winter—well, next winter there'll be ever so many tapers alight out here and the welcome will fall for you about our movements then.—JEANIE J.

Many thanks to our correspondent for her pleasant words in a private letter, and the pretty wreath—a thought of what she so vividly describes. We shall be glad to hear from her often.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell how crape may be cleaned?—MRS. A.

Will some one inform me through the Household, what pamphlet or a reliable treatise on bee culture? Would like something to serve as a guide for a new beginner.—MRS. J. BAINBRIDGE, Harrison, Neb.

Your bookseller ought to be able to give you this information.—ED.

Would like to know how to cook salsify.—J. E. MCCOLLUM, Washington, O.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me anything concerning the use of ice or spirits of turpentine in cases of diphtheria?—WATCHFUL, Hespeler, Ont.

If any readers of the HOUSEHOLD would favor us with reading matter and will send me a card, giving name and address, I will take pleasure in sending them some very interesting papers.—FLORA PLUMMERS, 706 E. 9th street, Des Moines, Iowa.

In Kansas a wife can hold property, buy, sell and dispose of same independent of her husband and still hold one half interest in his property. Now if the wife die without issue, can her husband hold any of her property, or will it go to her her nearest heir (it coming to her from her mother)?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one who understands the law thoroughly answer above question at once?—ED.

Will some one kindly give me a cure for almost continuous pain in the small of the back and left side? Get's worse the more I go around—also worse if I catch cold. Does any one know of a cure for the coldin mouth? I believe some plant will kill it, but do not know the name.—MRS. M. M. CALIFORNIA.

—"Best cure for Coughs and Colds is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ERIAZ PATCH	Clara Shriner	Addie Walker
SCHOOL, WAKE-LEE, MICH.	Grace Munson	Myrda McKenzie
Bonnie Nicholson	Minnie Forsyth	Grace Miles
Stella Playford	Clara Bland	Myrtle Scott
Rae Lake	E E White	Ada Planart
Ella Loucas	John Furgerson	Bertha Parmeter
Rachel Loucas	Maud DeFrance	D E McKee
Gertie Hunistone	Ethel Granger	Lily Brown
Anna Stevens	Katie Hoglin	George Hack
Marvin James	Ada Moon	Alton Brown
Samuel Cropcie	Linnie Hodges	Effie Walker
Pearle Lake	Claude Woodruff	Fred Butterbaker
Willie Johnson	Cora Wolfe	Archie White
James Stevens	Katie Bland	Carl Waterstradt
Freddie Woods	Nellie Bland	Orr Scott
Charlie James	Bertha Bland	ORRTELLO, KAN.
Gilbert Cropsey	Nora Hodges	Milford G Meek
Clyde Matthews	Marie Ayers	Emory C Meek
Arthur James	Harlie Woodruff	Avis E Meek
Amy Playford	Clayton Higgins	Fred C Blomfield
Allie Vails	Fred Roberts	Albert S Miller
Frank James	Carl Moorlag	H G Blomfield
Ollie Woods	Wilbert Ayers	Wm M Coover
Arthur Matthews	Fredgeorge Hough	Bradley Coover
Frank Playford	Ora Wolfe	Viola M Wolfe
Myrtle Woods	Anna Forsyth	Ida Wolfe
Nellie Woods	Charlie Simpson	Milton Wolfe
Myra Hodge	Reta Williams	E M Wolfe
Minnie Parmeter	STAR SCHOOL, WAKELEE, MICH.	Lucinda Snyder
Eva Burns	Viola Walker	Al Roulston
Ida Ferrell	Nettie Ferrell	James A Roulston
FISH LAKE SCHOOL,	Frank Savage	Lily Roulston
WAKELEE, MICH.	Effie Ferrell	Rhoda M Books
Della Goodenough	Edwin Davis	Della B Books
Eva Goff	Elisha Roulston	Mervin B Books
Eva Shriver	Dora E Cook	Rhoda Hoopes
Pearl Higgins	Paul H Savage	Elisha A Roulston
Winnie Higgins	Alice Ferrell	Dora E Cook

Names this week, 109. Total 21,497.

The above embraces all names received up to December 22.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Oh, the man in the moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run,
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun,
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise.
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise
To just dream of stars as the doctors advise.
And the man in the moon had a boil on his ear.
Whee!
Whimm!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his ear and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!
And the man in the moon has a rheumatic knee;
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!
Wham!
What a marvelous man!
What a very remarkable marvelous man!

For the Young Folks.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE AT GRANDPA'S.

Did I ever tell you about our Christmas tree that we had at grandpa's?

Grandpa and grandma live in a big white house away up in the woods in Northern Wisconsin. We go up there nearly every winter. It takes us nearly all day to go. We ride in a big sleigh, all tucked up in blankets and buffalo robes. Vernie and I think it nice to ride in a sleigh over the smooth white snow, with the sleigh bells ringing and the horses just dancing over the ground. Anyhow it's nice when you are going to grandpa's.

We have just the finest time when we get there. Grandpa has a big barn, and we can run and play in it and make all the noise we wish and no one will scold. Then you see, Uncle Charley's folks live close, so Vernie and Bertie are my brothers and Willie and Bennie are Flo's. I'm Lulu, and I am the oldest of all; I am six months older than Flo.

We went up there last winter to make a long visit. Vernie and I went to school with Cousin Flo, in a little white of a school house in the edge of the woods.

One day, two or three weeks before Christmas, as we were coming from school, Flo said to me:

"Lula, I think we ought to have a Christmas tree, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said I. "and there are plenty of lovely pine trees on that big bluff back of grandpa's pasture."

"Lulu," said Flo, in an anxious whisper, "Do you suppose our folks would care? And do you suppose we would get anything on it?"

"Of course we will," said I, "Old Santa Claus has always brought us something before, and I am sure he will this time. Of course they won't care," said I. "I'll ask grandma about it."

So Flo and Vernie and I decided to go to the bluff some night after school and get a tree. But Aunt Fanny wouldn't let Flo go. So Vernie and I went. Vernie said she knew how to climb down in a tree, so he took an ax and we went down to the bluff. I am a little bigger than Vernie, but he thinks because he is a boy that he can chop better than I.

Well, we found just the nicest, straightest little evergreen you ever saw. We carried it to the house between us. It was about half a mile away. But you know that after a tree has been cut down, it wont stand up. We did not know what to do about it. I asked pa how to make a stand for our tree. He said: "Never mind, child," and walked away laughing as if he was making fun. He said something about hard times, and that he didn't believe Santa Claus would get around this year. Well, I began to feel pretty discouraged, but every time I looked at that beautiful tree it seemed as if I could not give it up. So I asked Will Martin, the son of grandpa's tenant, to set up our tree. We found a piece of thick plank, and Will sawed it of square and bored a hole in the middle of it, and set the tree in it. I tell you it looked just as pretty as could be. Then we took it into the summer kitchen, where we thought it would be safe, and—

When grandpa saw it he said in a gruff voice, "You needn't expect to get anything on it."

Flo and I made up our minds that we would have some presents on that tree if we had to make them ourselves. So we made some little pin-cushions and things, but they wouldn't go far before filling the tree. We began to feel pretty blue, though we wouldn't either of us have have owned it then. But that was nothing to the feeling I had, when I went into the summer kitchen just a day or two before Christmas, and found that the tree was gone. Vernie and I hunted everywhere for that tree, in the house and barn and granery; everywhere except the parlor. We couldn't look in there because the door was locked. I asked ma what made grandma lock the door. She said they did not want us tracking in mud on the carpet.

Well, we couldn't find that tree anywhere. I could have cried I felt so provoked.

On Christmas Eve, Uncle Charley and Aunt Fanny and all the children came over to grandma's. I noticed Aunt Fanny had a market basket under her shawl and ma took her through the hall into the parlor. But we were not allowed to go in.

Ma and Aunt Fanny and grandma staid in there a long time, anyway it seemed a long time to us, and we wondered what they could be doing.

At last the door was thrown open and we were invited to come in. We made a rush for that door and what do you suppose we saw in there? Right in the middle of the room stood our lost Christmas-tree just loaded with presents.

Flo and I put our arms around each other and just stood and looked at that tree, we were so astonished and happy.

And grandpa and grandma and all the rest seemed to enjoy it almost as much as we did.

After a little while the presents were taken off the tree and we had a merry time looking at them. There was plenty of candy and little frosted cakes trimmed with candy that Flo and I thought too pretty to eat, and nuts and apples, and something nice for every one, even the grown folks. Then Aunt Fanny said it was time to go home.

"Flo," I whispered, as she lingered behind in the hall, "we had our Christmas tree after all."

"Wasn't it lovely?" said Flo as she kissed me good night.

LIFE-HISTORY OF A SKATE.

BY RALPH S. TARR.

Hearing of the Agassiz association, a few boys and girls in my native town by the sea, more than six years ago, determined to band together and avail themseves of its assistance. One of this little band, I had always enjoyed rambling in the woods and on the seashore, collecting from nature's storehouse, and, in a child's way observing the habits of the animals and plants around me; but to the Agassiz association, more than any other one thing, I owe my start in the studies which I now hope to make the work of my life. As I look back over the work of the past six years, I can trace through it all, the impressions and effects produced in those pleasant early days, when we met together, discussed

The Farm.

HORSES' FEET.

Facts of Interest to All Horsemen as to Care and Treatment.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We see in your paper many inquiries concerning injuries and diseases of the foot, and their proper treatment. This is caused to a great extent by injudicious management. To enable us to treat injuries of the foot and the diseases to which it is liable requires us to become acquainted with the anatomical structure of the foot. Between the coffin and lower pastern bone there is a small bone which forms the projection of the heel and rests upon the frog of the foot. This bone is called the shuttle or navicular bone. Navicular disease consists of inflammation of the surface of this bone. The flex or tendon which plays over it, the ligaments and the synovial sac may be implicated. One of the uses of the navicular bone is to give increased strength to the connection between the coffin bone and the joint above and to enable the flex or tendon, which passes over it and is joined to the coffin bone, to give increased pliability, strength and motion to the foot. Founder or inflammation of the foot, called by veterinarians laminitis, consists in inflammation of the sensitive parts of the foot including the laminae and of the foot bone, but is most severe in the forward portion where the greatest strain occurs when standing. Contraction of the hoof exists in nearly all diseases of the feet, so that the foot is a very important matter to look after. A horse with bad feet soon becomes an unprofitable piece of property. When a horse is brought in from work each foot should be carefully examined, to see that no gravel or other hard substance has found lodgment between the shoe and the hoof. If the hoofs become hard and brittle oil them occasionally, or let the horse stand in a box of wet clay for a half hour every two or three days. Thus, by the exercise of care and judgment, the feet may be kept in proper condition. Treatment of inflammation of the feet or acute laminitis, resembles that of other inflammations, with such difference as the situation of the disease may suggest. Bleeding is indispensible. From two to four quarts of blood should be taken as soon as possible from the toe of each forefoot. Poultices of linseed meal, made very soft, should cover the whole of the foot and pastern and be frequently renewed, which will promote evaporation from the neighboring parts, and possibly through the pores of the hoof, and by softening and supplying the hoof will relieve the painful pressure on the swelled and tender parts beneath. Sedative and cooling medicines should be diligently administered, consisting of digitalis one dram, nitre one and a half of emetic tartar, and three of nitre, and repeated twice or thrice a day. If no relief on the following day the bleeding should be repeated, and instead of the poultices, cloths kept wet with water in which nitre has been dissolved in the proportions of an ounce of nitre to a pound of water should be wrapped around the foot. After this treatment has been applied it is sometimes necessary to blister. It is not often, however, that acute founder or laminitis is permanently cured.—H. G. CORE, V. S., Morefield, Harrison county, Ohio.

[The above is an excellent presentation of facts relative to horses' feet. Such intelligent gentlemen as Mr. Hope are an honor to the profession of which he is a member. Hundreds of that noblest of dumb animals, the horse, are disabled or die every year, which might be saved by the timely services of a veterinary. A horse, to be free from disease, must have constant care and watchfulness. Laminitis, navicular disease, rheumatism, indigestion, and other troubles, are mostly the result of lack of care at the proper time. We shall be pleased to hear from Veterinary Surgeon Hope again.—ED.]

A Bunch of Facts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Rather than lose Mr. Reynolds from this department, by way of encouragement I will contribute a few items:

Fact demonstrates that, in our soil, extreme shallow plowing produces as good corn as the opposite extreme or a medium depth.

Also seed from the smallest nubbins that grow produced the past season as good corn as that from the largest ears and grains.

Also that manure plowed under three or four inches produced far better wheat than when left on top.

Also that a lamp is more apt to explode when nearly empty than when nearly full.

Also that breathing softly and frequently, as though warming one's fingers, on the affected part, will cure a very serious case of erysipelas. Try it, ye afflicted ones; it costs nothing. The philosophy involved in the case is plain to the chemist or average physician.

Lastly, the soil that produces the heaviest crop of modern Democracy is that which embodies the most whisky and illiteracy.—M. J. BURR. [MR. BURR exhibits the right spirit. His items are good, and his desire that MR. REYNOLDS shall not be lost from this department is one commendable. But at the same time we wish to say that we hope this is not the last from MR. BURR.—ED.

Interesting Facts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—It is a good plan to feed calves a small mess daily of oats and corn ground together. They will show the benefit when grass comes.

Sheep can be brought through the winter in good condition on good wheat straw, with a little corn and oats mixed daily, one bushel to 100 sheep.

Cattle derive no benefit from roots fed in any form, except as a change of diet, they are a poor substitute for green food.

Cattle may be turned out on to green pasture in the spring without danger of "hoven," if they can have free access to dry hay. It has a tendency to carry off the "Scours" caused by accumulations in the stomach.

Young pigs at this time of year, if fed with milk, should have it warmed.

Apples may be fed whole to cattle without danger of choking if the cattle are confined so they cannot move around, or hook one another.—P. SHEPARD, Eagle, Mich.

[Mr. Shepard's items will be read with interest.—ED.]

Leading Crops.

Every country has its leading crops, which prove more valuable than others, yet very few districts of a country even are confined exclusively to one, two or three crops. The South raises cotton as one of the principal crops and the world demands. The West raises corn as a principal crop, next wheat, but grass to be fed in connection with corn is the basis of wealth. In fact grass must be the basis upon which the soil fertility is held intact in every country, the exceptions being in particular locations, where special crops may be economically grown by the application of commercial manures. The more thickly settled a country becomes the more diversified the farming as a matter of course, and the larger will be the sums paid for commercial fertilizers or barnyard manure. Again, in new countries, wheat, flax, clover and timothy seed are the staple crops, since these will bear transportation for longer distances than other crops. But as the land becomes subdued, horses, cattle, sheep and swine come in naturally and only until then is the farmer in position to keep up the fertility of this soil by means of the grasses and clovers, grown and fed to animals in connection with grain. Flax was once an important industry in the United States for its fine flax lint as well as its seed. Now the seed is the principal object, the lint being rough as prepared by machines for paper stock and coarse fabrics. Hemp was also once a staple crop of Kentucky and Missouri. It was in length found that other crops were more profitable. In Russia, on the other hand, flax and hemp are leading staples, manual labor there being very cheap. In this connection the following statistics of these industries will be interesting. In it is included wool and cotton, the latter now receiving considerable attention, and wool always having been an extensively cultivated product. Russia, however, cannot compete with the United States in cotton. The statistics are as follows:

In the production of flax and hemp Russia surpasses all other countries. The area under flax is 3,780,000 acres, and under hemp 1,390,500 acres. In quality Russian flax (Archangel and Lanskoi) ranks second next to Irish. The annual yield of Russian flax amounts to 8,000,000 pounds, or 63 per cent. of the flax crop of Europe, valued at £11,000,000. Half of this quantity is exported. The annual crop of hemp in Russia amounts to 400,000,000 pounds, or 40 per cent. of the hemp crop of the world, valued at £4,000,000. The exports of both hemp and flax have been decreasing for the last five years, owing to increasing competition from other textiles, particularly cotton and jute. There are in Russia 330 linen mills, with an annual production valued at £1,880,000; 280 factories breaking flax and hemp, with a production valued at £1,200,000; and 300 rope factories, with a production valued at £400,000. Fully nine-tenths of the entire amount of flax and hemp used in Russia is worked by hand, and only one-tenth by machinery. There are about 3,000 steam looms and about 12,000 hand-looms in Russia. The number of sheep in Russia is estimated at 48,000,000, or 27 per cent. of the total in Europe.

The annual yield of wool in Russia amounts to 400,000,000 pounds, or two-fifths of the product of Europe. Half of the Russian wool is exported. Only one-fifth of the wool raised in Russia is merino, the bulk being of a coarse nature. In 1884 there were exported 60 624,000 pounds of wool (about 25,000,000 pounds of merino) valued at £1,550,000. The annual production of woolen fabrics is estimated at £225,-000,000. The annual consumption of wool per capita is smallest in Russia.

In Russia proper the silk industry is yet in a rudimentary stage. Mills and found in Moscow, St. Petersburg and Poland. There are about 20,000 steam looms, with an annual production valued at $8,000,-000. The cotton industry in Europe has reached immense proportions, the annual imports of raw cotton being about 300,-000,000 pounds, valued at about £8,000,-000. For years cotton has been raised in some places in Central Asia, but since the annexation of those regions the industry has declined. As the cotton of Toorkistan is of inferior quality, the Russian government is encouraging its cultivation there with American upland seeds, which yield a very good fiber. However, to this time, the government's experience in planting American seed both in Toorkistan and the Caucasus has had no practical results. From the Asiatic possessions Russia annually receives only about one-tenth of the amount of cotton needed for domestic consumption.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Manure for Peach Trees.

A Florida correspondent asks for compost that will be proper as a manure for peach trees. In reply we would say that the peach likes potash manure, and also those strong in nitrogen. Kainit and the phosphatic rock of the South would be indicated as a proper commercial fertilizer. You say you can get the contents of privies of boarding houses. It is excellent composted with dry clay, which will deodorize the whole so it can be used. Turn it from time to time under shelter, adding more and more of the privy contents until the dry pulverized loam, muck or clay will take no more. Then to every ton add 400 pounds of kainit and the same of phosphatic rock, pulverized. A ton of this compost will amply fertilize an acre.

Arithmetical Problems.

There are many arithmetical problems sent this department for solution, and to all sending them we wish to say that it would be impossible for us to devote our time to the solution of questions that would crowd out matter more interesting to farmers, who, like most other people, are too busy to go down into the depths of intricate mathematics. They do not care to find the area of an ellipse, the surface of a prism, pyramid or frustrum or the solidity of a sphere. They prefer to know how the crops may be increased, the diseases of their animals cured, and to have general information regarding farm matters. To matters connected with the farm, garden, live stock, poultry, etc., we shall endeavor at all times to give our best energies to the readers of this department. And while we are doing this we hope to see all interested in this department assist us in giving full information on subjects of value to the farming community. Every reader has something of value that he or she can communicate. You all have a desire, we believe, to aid each other, and no better way can be found than to write something for the BLADE FARM. Do not make the excuse that you cannot write. You can if you want to. It is not necessary to write in the style of a Yale college professor. You know more about agricultural matters than the big professors that have never had practical experience, which beats theory every time. You may state a fact, and that is what the practical man wants. It is well to know the component parts of the soil, what fertilizers are necessary to produce the best results, how to prepare and utilize manures, what seed is the best to grow in certain localities, and many other things too numerous to enumerate. There are men paid by many of the states who make a study of all these things. They are doing a great deal of good, but the practical farmer makes discoveries that are of great value. Consider the great number of agriculturists and horticulturists in the country, and then the small number of men employed to do special work in the fields named. Is it not fair to say that the thousands of men who work daily on the farm, in the orchard, garden and vineyard, have learned many things that the specialist has not discovered? This being the fact, how great the benefit to be derived from brief communications from the busy workers to the journals they take. Think of the immense number of people who read the BLADE, and you will see how much good would be realized by all these readers if something that is new and of benefit to them. But we are digressing from the arithmetical question. As the BLADE gives all the news, space to a particular department is necessarily limited, so that the whole field of news may be well worked. Mathematical problems are of very little use to the majority of people not especially engaged in such work, and as a result the editor of the BLADE farm must be pardoned for thinking other matter more entertaining as well as beneficial. Last week we gave a rule for measuring corn in the crib, as we considered it a question in which many are interested. A subscriber, Muscatine, Iowa, was not pleased with it, so we shall give him others: First, multiply the length, breadth, and height together, in feet, to obtain the cubic feet; multiply this product by 4, and strike off the right figure. The result will be shelled bushels, nearly. Level the corn so that it is of uniform depth throughout. Second, measure the length, breadth and height of the crib, inside the rail; add them together and multiply them by 2; the result is the number of bushels of shelled corn nearly. Third, multiply length by height, and then by width, add two ciphers to the result and divide by 124. This gives the number of bushels of ears. Fourth, multiply length by breadth, and the product by the height, all in inches; divide this by 2,748, and the quotient will be the number of bushels of ears. All rules are more or less unreliable, as they assume that two bushels of ears are equal to one of shelled corn. Some corn will not make it, while some will more than do it. Much depends upon the kind and quality.

F. C. S., Wisconsin, asks information about management of greenhouses and hot houses. As he does not seem to be a subscriber, our reply is, subscribe, and the question will receive attention. The editor will do almost anything to please a subscriber, but has little time to devote to those who do not subscribe or are not members of the BLADE FARM family.

H. W., Burr Oak, Mich.: Assuming that your sheep are under 3 years of age, we think your sheep have a disease called louping ill, which is an affection of the spinal cord. To treat, clip the wool close along the backbone, and rub the part with linoleum or mercury, 1 part, linseed oil, 7 parts. Rub well together, and apply by gentle friction every day until the skin is inflamed. A moderate irritation should be kept up for some time. Give this internally: Powdered nux vomica, 1 oz.; water, 1 pt. Rub well together, and give a spoonful daily. Keep the animals in comfortable quarters, properly ventilated.

J. S. C., Kansas: Your cow is suffering from anæmia, a diseased condition of the blood. Give her a pint and a half of raw (not boiled) linseed oil. After this has operated, give the following for one week, then suspend for a week and repeat for a week: Sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 ounce. This amount each day. This will, we think, bring your cow around in a healthy condition. Look carefully for lice. They will get on a cow before you are aware. If found, curry the cow well, and wash with soap and tepid water. Then apply this: Scotch snuff 1 ounce; lard 6 ounces. Mix well.

L. L. O., Iowa: Your horse is afflicted with lymphangitis, a disease of the absorbent vessels. This is something that requires careful attention. Give four ounces of powdered aloes and one drachm of calomel. Mix and give at one dose in a ball. As soon as this has operated wrap the leg from the pastern well up above the hock with any kind of old cloths, dipped in hot water; keep the cloths warm for several hours with the water, and the horse out of drafts of air. Give an ounce of saltpeter twice a day in drinking water for four days. Give no corn, but a fair amount of good, sweet hay and a bran mash every day for a week. The abscesses must be freely opened with a knife and dressed with cloths wrung out in carbolic acid water—an ounce of acid to a pint of water. The cloths are removed and bandage the leg clear above the hock with woolen cloths. After the third day of treatment give this: Sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; flour of sulphur and cream of tartar, of each, ½ ounce. This in a ball or drench twice a day for three days. If the leg is swelled after the above treatment rub the part with this: Iodine, 1 drachm; iodide of potash, 2 drachms; lard, 2 ounces; mix at a gentle heat.

Bethel, Dallas City, Pa.:—You describe eczema, which is a very contagious, but seldom fatal febrile disease of cattle. Mild cases need but little treatment. If the mouth is sore, wash with chlorate of potash, 2 teaspoonfuls, 8 ozs. Rub together, and place a spoonful of this within the lips several times a day. Keep the feet clean by washing with pretty warm water and soap. Dry with old clothes, which must be burned after use, and wash the part affected with this: Carbelic acid, 1 oz; water, 1 qt. Mix, and dip pieces of lint or tow in this, and bind them to the foot and between the toes with a bandage.

TALMAGE'S NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

In This World We Get No Idea of the Extent and Glory of Heaven—Eye Hath Not Seen Nor Ear Heard Anything Like the Advancing Splendors.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 1.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., announced that next Sabbath he will begin a course of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men, the following subjects among others: "The Women Who Have to Fight the Battle of Life Alone," "Marriage for Worldly Success, Without Reference to Moral Character;" "Is Engagement as Binding as Marriage?" "Women Who Are Already Ungenially Married," "Influences Abroad for the Destruction of Women," "Wifely Ambition Right and Wrong," "What Kind of Men Women Should Avoid," "Simplicity as Opposed to Affectation," "Reformation in Dress," "Plain Women," "The Female Skeptic" and "Christian Housewifery."

This morning Dr. Talmage's a subject was: "The Coming Glory;" his text, I Corinthians ii, 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." He said: Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight! How strange it looks, and how strange it sounds! Not only is the past year dead but the century is dying. Only twelve months long breaths and the old giant will have expired. None of the past centuries will be present at the obsequies. Only the Twentieth century will see the Nineteenth buried. As all the years are hastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself, and cheer you with the glories to come, which shall utterly eclipse all the glories past; for my text tells us that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, anything like the advancing splendors.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor the world beholds no such wonder. Its Acrocorinthus is hushed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and contended the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of the people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, fully certified, looked up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, which its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine,) and a wonder to all beholders. Imperial was that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rusties who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had ever come from lips or instruments all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not been used, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah! it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These wonderful paintings in the gallery of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citidel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard and seen much, and been in delightful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor eye heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide in the New Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this statement: that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven, there will be room for each soul a room sixteen miles long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetics calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harpstrings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the wings of a great crowd rising up to sing praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and disease. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life long invalid. See her step now, hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of old age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—for ever young again. That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. Imagination fails to describe them. It says "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again and we see the thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn around to see the throne of glory and it is thrones! thrones! thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing, Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade, passing, passing; empires spressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensations tramping on after dispensation. Glory in turn, wave of glory. Euroye, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea, shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, how the air is lifted, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes one surge after surge of "Amen! amen! and amen!

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendor of earthly cities and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye had not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other; with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby; goodby. Farewell hangs in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharf—goodby. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"goodby;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby, goodby. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join the choir above to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from that to this, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place. If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely, we can not hear the joy on the other side which that river helps to augment. It is graves here, and coffins and hearses here. A little child's mother had died, and they comforted here. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn in pieces at the stake; these are all the centuries of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, fully certified, looked up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, which its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine,) and a wonder to all beholders. Imperial was that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rusties who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had ever come from lips or instruments all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not been used, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah! it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These wonderful paintings in the gallery of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citidel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard and seen much, and been in delightful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor eye heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide in the New Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this statement: that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven, there will be room for each soul—a room sixteen miles long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetics calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harpstrings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the wings of a great crowd rising up to sing praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and disease. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life long invalid. See her step now, hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of old age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—for ever young again. That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. Imagination fails to describe them. It says "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again and we see the thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn around to see the throne of glory and it is thrones! thrones! thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing, Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade, passing, passing; empires spressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensations tramping on after dispensation. Glory in turn, wave of glory. Euroye, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea, shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, how the air is lifted, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes one surge after surge of "Amen! amen! and amen!

—Farmers and others who have a little leisure time for the next few months will find it their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, whose advertisement appears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of their time.

THE BUREAU OF LABOR.

Strikes and their Consequences—Knights and Employes Should Read It.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—Commissioner Carroll D. Wright has submitted to the Secretary of the Interior the third annual report of the Bureau of Labor, which relates entirely to strikes and lockouts for the period of six years ended Dec. 31, 1886. This report is regarded as of special importance, as it is the result of the first general investigation made by any nation, of the facts concerning strikes and lockouts for any wide extent of territory.

The report covers about 700 printed pages, and gives details of each strike and lockout occurring in the United States during the period named. It exhibits facts belonging to each industry and all trouble for each locality, where trouble was found, without attempting to establish, or decide, upon the connection between them. The following table shows the number of strikes occurring during each of the last six years, number of establishments involved, and the average number of establishments involved in each strike:

Yrs.	Strikes.	*	†
1881	471	2,928	6 2
1882	454	2,105	4.6
1883	478	2,759	5.8
1884	443	2,367	5.3
1885	645	2,284	3.5
1886	1,423	9,893	7.0
Totals	3,903	22,336	8.5.7

*Establishments involved. †Average number of establishments involved in each strike. S., General average.

In 1887, the report says, there were, according to the best information obtainable, 843 strikes, the details of which are not available. The report shows that during the six years covered by the investigation, New York had the largest number of establishments affected both by strikes and lockouts, there being for the former 9,247 and for the latter 4,528. Building trades furnished 6,060 of the total number of establishments engaged in strikes.

The total number of employes involved in the whole number of strikes for the entire period is shown to have been 1,318,-624. Number of employes originating strikes was 1,020,832. Number of employes in all establishments before strikes occurred was 1,662,045, while the whole number employed in establishments involved after strikes occurred was 1,636,-247, a loss of 25,798. There were 103,-038 new employes engaged after strikes, and 37,483 were brought from other places than those in which the strikes occurred.

In 2,182 establishments, lock-outs were ordered during the period named. In these there were 173,995 employes before the lock-outs occurred, and 169,436 after the lock-outs, while the number actually locked out was 159,548. There were 13,976 new employes secured at the close of the lock-outs, and 5,682 were brought from other places than those in which the lock-outs occurred.

It should be remembered, however, says the report, that these figures do not represent the actual numbers of individual establishments or different employes engaged, as in many cases there have been two more strikes or lock-outs affecting the same establishment in the same year. In such cases the establishments and number of employes engaged are duplicate.

Of the whole number of employes involved in strikes during the six years, covered by the report, 38.56 per cent. were males, and 11.44 per cent were females. Of those involved in lockouts, during the same period, 58.78 per cent. were males, and 31.22 per cent were females.

An examination of tables appended to the report shows that in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois represent 75.76 per cent. of the whole number of establishments affected by strikes throughout the country, and 90.8 per cent. of lockouts. These five states, it is stated, contain 49 per cent. of all the manufacturing establishments and employ 58 per cent. in the capital invested in the mechanical industries of the United States.

Of 22,336 establishments in which strikes accurred, in 18,342 or 82.12 per cent. of the whole, strikes were ordered by labor organizations, while of 2,182 establishments in which lockouts occurred, 1,753 or 80.34 per cent. were ordered by combination of managers.

Of the whole number of establishments subjected to strikes, there were temporarily closed for business 13,343, or 60.19 per cent., and on account of lockouts 62.60 per cent. The average duration of stoppage on account of strikes was 23.1 days; for lockouts, 28 days.

The results of strikes, so far as gaining the objects sought are concerned, are shown to be as follows: Success followed in 1,047 cases, or 46.59 per cent of the whole; partial success in 3,604, or 13.45 per cent. of the whole; failure followed in 8,910 cases, or 39.89 per cent of the whole.

In lockouts, 564 establishments, or 25.85 per cent of the whole succeeded in gaining their point; 190, or 8.71 per cent partly succeeded; 1,305, or 59.80 per cent failed. As to the causes or objects of strikes, it is shown that an increase of wages was the principal one, 42 per cent.

Other causes are given as follows: For reduction of hours, 19.45 per cent.; against reduction of wages, 7.75 per cent.; for increase of wages and reduction of hours, .62 per cent. Total for five leading causes, 79.82 per cent. All other causes, 17 per cent.

Disclaiming absolute accuracy, the report gives losses of employes and employers resulting from strikes and lockouts as follows: Losses to strikers during the six years covered by the investigations, $51,816,165; loss to employes through lockouts for the same period $8,132,717, or a total wage loss of employes of $59,-948,882.

This loss occurred for both strikes and lockouts in 24,518 establishments, or an average loss of $2,445 to each establishment, or of nearly $40 to each striker involved.

Assistance given to strikers during the same time, so far as ascertainable, amounts to $13,325,057; to those suffering from lockouts $1,105,535, or a total of $4,430,-595. These amounts, however, the commissioner says, are undoubtedly too low.

Employers losses through strikes for the six years amounted to $30,732,653; through lockouts $3,432,261, or a total loss to the establishments involved of $34,-164,914.

The chief burden of strikes was borne by 13 industries, viz: Boots and shoes, 352 establishments; brick making, 478; building trades, 6,060; clothing, 1,728; cooperage, 484; food preparations, 1,419; furniture, 491; lumber, 395; metals and metallic goods, 1,585; ming, 2,060; stone, 468; tobacco, 2,959; transportation, 1,478. These represent 83.35 per cent. of the whole number subjected to strikes.

In lock-outs five trades bore 80 per cent. of the whole burden, as follows: Boots and shoes, 155 establishments; building trades, 531; clothing, 273; metals and metallic goods, 76; tobacco, 226—or a total of 1,761.

Besides completing the field work for this report and the compilation of information, the bureau has carried on almost to completion the investigation begun last year concerning the moral, physical and economical conditions of the working women in the great cities, and has continued its investigation into the cost of distribution of the great staple products. It has also undertaken, according to Congressional instructions, the collection of statistics of marriage and divorce in the United States, the report of which may be submitted before the close of the present session of Congress.

FRANCIS MURPHY BARRED OUT.

Pittsburg Churches Closed Against Him, but Thousands at his Meetings.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 29.—The churches of this city have been closed against Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle, and he has been compelled to hold meetings in the old market hall, where thousands go to hear him. His admirers are adopting measures to build a large hall for him.

H. K. Porter & Co., locomotive manufacturers of Pittsburg, have suspended one-third of their employes on account of a lack of orders. When trade improves, the men will be given their old positions.

$500 WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

THE PROPRIETORS OF Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

FOR A CASE OF CHRONIC NASAL CATARRH WHICH THEY CANNOT CURE

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS 50 CENTS.

The Only Guaranteed Cure

[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

EXCITING CAUSES. In consequence of repeated attacks of acute catarrh, or "cold in the head," as it is usually termed, the mucous membranes of the nose and the air-passages of the head become permanently thickened, the mucous follicles or glands diseased, and their functions either destroyed or very much deranged. Although chronic catarrh is most commonly brought on in the manner above stated, it sometimes makes its appearance as a sequel of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, or other eruptive fevers, or shows itself as a local manifestation of scrofulous or other taints in the system.

HOW IT BEGINS. In the early stages of the disease, the patient may be annoyed

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

It is stated that the Panama Canal company has arranged with the Credit Lyonnais to provide the company with funds until the issue of new obligations.

The *Grashdamin* a semi-official Russian organ, says higher government authority has rejected the proposal of the Imperial Commission to prevent Jews to reside in any village of Russia.

A southeast gale raged at Rockland, Me., all night with unparalled fury doing great damage to shipping and washing away wharves, blowing out windows, tipping over chimneys and inflicting other damages.

In Pickens county, S. C., negroes hanged a half-witted young white man, a farm laborer named Waithope, for criminally assaulting a 13-year-old colored girl. The latter died from the effects of the injuries sustained.

The deputation of members of the French Institute, appointed to present to the Duc d'Aumale the medals struck in commemoration of his gift of Chantilly to France, has arrived at Brussels and made the presentation.

Notwithstanding the sudden cold spell, the rivers at Pittsburg are still rising slowly and the rivermen expect sufficient water to send out a large shipment of coal to Cincinnati and Louisville. The rivers are now running full of ice.

Chas. Green, cattle dealer from "No Mans' Land, gives details of the capture and lynching of the Kelly family, whose horrible crimes were published a few days ago—as equally atrocious as anything committed by the Bender family.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson, who has just returned to London from America, reports that societies and churches of all denominations in America are willing to take part in the International Protestant conference to be held in London next June.

The Pope has conferred the grand cross of the order of Pius IX. on all the special envoys sent to congratulate him on the occasion of his jubilee. The French government has conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state.

As was expected, the glassworkers employed in the Boston and Sandwich glass factory did not return to work Monday. Work in the decorating, etching and other departments will continue until the stock is used up, when, if the difficulties are not settled, a general suspension will undoubtedly occur.

The New Year came in with a bright and beautiful day in Washington. The sun shone warmly in almost cloudless sky and with the exception of the ice-covered sidewalks in the early morning which made walking difficult, the day would fill the desires of all. The usual receptions took place at the Whitehouse.

The Catholics of Richmond, Va., held a mass meeting in the Cathedral hall in celebration of the Pope's jubilee, at which speeches were made by Right Rev. Bishop Keane, and others. A resolution was adopted thanking President Cleveland for the honor which he paid the Holy Father on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

A fire in the third lift of No. 4 mine at Coal Creek, Pa., operated by the Lehigh Valley Coal company, has burned the surface, destroying over 1,000 feet of timbered slope, the boiler house and surface pump house and two hoisting engines; loss, $50,000. The mine has not been worked since September, owing to a strike.

Sunday and Saturday were heavy foreign mail days in the New York postoffice. A steamer from Queenstown generally brings not more than 400 or 500 sacks of letters and papers, but the Germanic on Saturday brought 740 sacks and five other steamers were five other vessels from various foreign ports which brought mail matter, altogether amounting to 1,035 bags.

The crown prince of Germany shared in the amusements of his family circle on New Years' day. Private theatricals were given in which Prince Henry and Princess Victoria, his children, took part. The crown prince received the congratulations of the civil and military authorities of San Remo. He was also the recipient of an immense number of telegrams and addresses.

The visible supply of grain Saturday, December 31, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange, was as follows: Wheat, 44,-2?,1,000 bushels; increase, 173,496 bushels; corn, 6,025,258 bushels; increase, 265,851 bushels; oats, 5,976,781 bushels; increase, 117,500 bushels; rye, 295,221 bushels; increase,2144 bushels; barley, 3,498,957 bushels; decrease, 117,988 bushels.

A gang of Lane county, Kas., Ku Klux has just been broken up by the arrest of all but one. James Vanderine, Nelson English and P. S. Galloway were brought in by a United States marshal and lodged in the county jail. They, with five others, are charged with conspiracy to intimidate a homesteader named Hoover, with a view to forcing him to abandon his claim for the supposed purpose of one of their number jumping it.

The mill of the Pang and Calfant Steel and Iron company as Sharpsburg, Pa., is running despite the fact that new steel scale had not been signed. Some workers say that no strike will be attempted to establish new scale. It is said that the iron workers employed in the mills may be called out to enforce the new scale and that a big strike may be the result. On the other hand many of the iron workers are said to be opposed to such a move.

The Spanish government has invited the representatives of the United States and the Spanish-American Republics to co-operate in the Christopher Columbus celebration, and the proposal has been heartily adopted. All the governments of Europe and America and all the geographical and other learned societies of the world have been invited to send delegates to the celebration. The festivities will continue one week, and the ceremonies will include the unveiling of a monument to Columbus at Huelva.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Man Found Freezing to Death with $14.000 on His Person.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 29.—During the intense cold of last night after midnight the patrolmen observed a bundle of clothing huddled up in a doorway at Fifth and Eggleton avenue.

Upon examining it they found a man apparently just about to freeze to death after a debauch. With some difficulty the officers got him to the station-house, and here they were told by him that his name was Patrick O'Brien, aged 36, residence, Iowa; that he was a contractor, and was here to visit his brother on Eastern avenue.

Upon searching him, as is the custom whenever one is locked up, the officers found $8,000 in money and $6,000 in checks payable to him, on his person, besides a valuable gold watch and diamond jewelry.

Mr. O'Brien's escape from robbery as well as freezing is remarkable, for the locality in which he was found is one of the worst in the city.

FAVORED THE SALOONS.

Kansas City Whisky Sellers Have a Jubilee Over Their Victory.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 29.—[Special wire.]—There was a grand jubilee of saloonkeepers last evening when it became generally known that Recorder Davenport had declared the Sunday closing ordinance unconstitutional.

The decision considered at great length the right of the council to give the Recorder power to impose greater penalties than those allowed by the charter, and held that the council did not have such power as that A part of the ordinance being void, the whole was, and the revocations of license was intended as part of the penalty and could not hold.

The judge referred to the fact that 1,200 signatures had been obtain d pledging him support in case he upheld the ordinance, and stated that he could only decide in the way he thought, whether public opinion was with him or not.

The case will be taken to the Supreme court by the temperance element.

SHE NEARLY STARVED.

A Polish Girl, Robbed, Goes 70 Hours Without Food.

DULUTH, Minn., Dec. 30.—A Polish girl, Mary Walunsykaris, aged 20, arrived here this morning. In September her stepfather, Peter Waler, of Plymouth, Pa., sent her a ticket to come to America.

Arrived at New York, Castle Garden officials secured her a ticket to Chicago, where she thought she wanted to go. Leaving New York with her was a Polish boy, August Wassman, who crossed the ocean with her.

At Cleveland he declared her ticket not good any farther, upon which she gave him all her money, 400 roubles, and he bought her a ticket for Wabash, Ind., where he said his brother would meet her. At Wabash a man did meet her and gave her a ticket for Duluth, promising that the money would be returned at Chicago. The railroad people brought her through to Duluth. From the time she gave up her money at Cleveland until reaching Duluth, over seventy hours, she went without food. Charitable Poles have her in charge

WRECKED OFF CAPE BLAS.

A Battered Sloop and a Missing Crew off the Coast of Florida.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Dec. 30.—The fishing schooner J. P. Allen reports having fallen in with the wreck of the sloop smack Lizzie Ella about seven miles south west of Cape Blas. The wreck's mast had been broken in three pieces. The stern was gone, with the exception of that part upon which the name was painted; her bottom was altogether gone, and the only part of the deck remaining was about eight or ten feet forword.

The windlass was standing uninjured, but the cables and anchors were gone, as also were the bowsprit and the boats. It is believed that the Lizzie Ella was riding at anchor, when she was run down by a heavier vessel, which drove against her with such force as to tear the cable from her windlass. The fate of her crew is unknown, but it is feared they are drowned. The vessel was a sloop of sixteen tons and had a crew of five men, including the captain, James Dillon, who owned her. One of the men was George Smith and the others were Norwegian sailors whose names are unknown.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

IF THE HOUSE ELECTS?

Some Reflections from a Democratic Source.

WASLINGTON, Dec. 28.—The New York *Sun* correspondent has sent the following to his paper:

It is among the possibilities that the death of Representative Moffatt, of Michigan, may have a direct bearing upon the Presidential contest of next year. The Constitution provides that the House of Representatives shall elect the President in case no candidate has a majority in the electoral college. As the case now stands, the Republicans would have a majority of two on a call of states. But it is more than likely that Arnold, the sitting member from the Second Rhode Island district, will be unseated. His seat is contested by Judge Bradley, his Democratic opponent, who charges the most outrageous fraud in the election

He seems to have a very strong case, and should Arnold be unseated, the House, voting by states, would then stand 19 Republican to 17 Democrat, the vote of New Hampshire not being counted, because of a tie in her delegation. The Michigan delegation, before Mr. Moffatt's death, was composed of six Republicans and five Democrats. Should a Democrat be elected as Mr. Moffat's successor, the majority by states would be wiped out, and on a call of states in the House there would be a tie vote and no end of complications.

That a Democrat may be elected to succeed the late Mr. Moffatt is not at all impossible. For several years the Eleventh Michigan Congress district, which he represented, has been rapidly growing more and more Democratic. It is composed of fifteen counties, including all of the upper peninsula of the state, and a few counties in the lower peninsular. Some of these counties are very sparsely settled, and one of them, Isle Royale, is merely an island in the midst of Lake Superior.

For many years the solid Republican vote of the upper peninsula has been looked forward to to swell the Republican majorities. In computing in a Presidential election the returns, it was always calculated that the upper country would give about 10,000 Republican majority, and for many years it did. Jay Hubbell and a few other Republican politicians absolutely controlled the whole vote, which was made up chiefly among the laborers in the numerous mines.

Year after the Democrats allowed the elections in the upper peninsular to go by default, and the Republican majority was thus about what the Republican managers wanted it to be. In 1884 the Democratic managers began a little missionary work in the upper counties, and since teen the Republican majorities have been growing smaller. Had the Democrats begun the work earlier than they did, it is certain that Mr. Cleveland, and not Mr. Blaine, would have had the electoral vote of the state in 1884. The figures will show this clearly.

Blaine's majority in the entire state was less than 9,000 and the Republican majority in the upper peninsula alone was 7,745. The rapid decrease in the Republican vote in the Eleventh Congressional district is shown by the vote in the last three elections. In 1882 the Republican candidate had a majority of 6,211, which was more than the entire Democratic strength of the district. In 1884 Mr. Moffatt had a majority of 7,475 over John Power, the Democratic candidate. In 1886 the Democratic managers decided to make a big fight to reduce the Republican majority in this district.

They sent speakers and campaign literature into the different counties, and made a close and thorough canvass. The Republicans were badly frightened, and worked desperately during the last few days of the campaign. The work done by the Democrats resulted in cutting off more than two-thirds of the Republican majority, Moffatt had 14,485 votes, and John Power, who was again the Democratic candidate, 12,242—a Republican majority of only 2,243.

Governor Luce will in a few days call a special election to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Moffatt's death, and in view of the possibility of reversing the standing of the Michigan delegation in Congress, the Democrats will put forth every effort to carry the district.

NO PERQUISITES.

The House Stationery Room No Longer a Toy Shop.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—For many years the House stationery room has, about Christmas time, had the appearance of a fancy store or bazaar, being filled with all sorts of articles suitable for Christmas gifts. The custom originated in a demand on the part of members who, kept in Washington until a few days before the holidays, found it convenient to purchase their gifts here. A certain class of the outside public who seem to believe that the articles purchased here cost the members nothing—as a matter of fact they are religiously charged against their stationery allowance—have for years been worming out of members orders on the stationery department, and they are not at all modest in making up bills. Women made a practice of coming to Washington and getting all their Christmas presents in this way.

They had a perfect system. They would meet some member, probably at a public reception, and, if he seemed to be a promising victim, they would cultivate him. They generally took their victims in with them at one time, and kept very close, so that when the man in charge asked to what extent he should honor this requisition, the member would feel the compulsion of gallantry to say: "Give her anything she wants." He was then permitted to leave her. Some of these women have brought as many as half a dozen members into the stationery room in this way in one day, and selected, to the credit of each, articles ranging in cost from $5 to $20. Some members have had their stationery accounts overdrawn in this way.

Not only women but men would victimize members. One man, who wrote letters to some little country newspaper, got an order from a Virginia member one day and had articles sent to his name amounting in value to $115. The next day he came back and got $15 worth more on the same order.

This year the leeches were disappointed. There were no fancy articles for sale, and the members are that much richer, or rather will have that much more stationery.

WRITING ON THE WRAPPERS.

The Postmaster General's New Bill to be Presented.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The Postmaster General has prepared a bill which will be introduced in the House as soon as practicable after the reassembling of Congress, materially modifying the present law relating to permissable writing or printing on the wrappers of second, third and fourth-class mail matter. The bill provides that the words "sample copies" and "marked copies" may be printed on the wrappers or inclosures of second-class matter, and that in addition to the original print, written corrections of typographical error may be used.

The bill also provides that any printing which is mailable as third-class matter may be placed upon the wrapper of such matter, provided it is not in the nature of correspondence; and provided further, that a sufficiently large space be left for the address.

As to the fourth-class matter, the bill allows the same advertisements to be printed on the wrappers as is permitted to be inclosed with the merchandize contained therein.

THE NAVY.

The Progress in the Different Yards Toward Making Defense Possible.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Reports to the Navy department from the New York and Norfolk navy yards, where preparations are making to build the great 6,000-ton armored war ships, are highly satisfactory. At New York the keel blocks for the armored cruisers have been placed and the ship building and dock down. The new buildings are nearly completed, and will be ready to receive the machine tools when they are procured. Advertisements for supplying the new plant have already been issued, and the proposals will be opened on the 16th of next month.

Good progress has also been made at Norfolk, and the schedules for the additional machine plant required have not yet been published, there will be ample time to finish the buildings intended for its reception before the tools can be purchased.

HUBBELL IN THE LEAD.

The Race From the Eleventh Michigan Congressional District.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—A Marquette, Mich., special says: Now that the funeral of the late Representative Seth C. Moffatt is over, there is a decided awakening among the politicians of this district to find a suitable man for his place. A dozen candidates have sprung up simultaneously, the most prominent of which is the Hon. Jay Hubbell of Houghton, while the other candidates on the Republican side appear in the following order: Col. C. Y Osborne of Marquette, ex-collector of customs; Judge Steere of Sault Ste. Marie; the Hon. John Quincy Adams of Negaunee, and the Hon. S. M. Stephenson of Menominee, while Mayor Nester of this city and several others are conspicuous possibilities. Only the two first named are as yet avowed candidates.

In an interview to-day Mr. Hubbell said that he would accept the nomination if tendered by his party. He defined his position on the tariff question, which he considers will be the issue of the campaign, as being an uncompromising opponent of indiscriminate tariff reduction. On this question, his position, briefly stated, is an embodiment of the view expressed in Mr. Blaine's letter on the President's message. He is especially hostile to any reduction on iron and copper, and will stand for all appropriations for internal improvements, especially those for the Sault Ste. Marie river and the proposed harbor of refuge on Portage lake.

As the preliminary step to the latter improvement, he will champion the purchase by the government of Portage Lake canal. The improvements mentioned are projects in which the people of the upper peninsula are deeply interested.

When questioned regarding his prospects of the nomination Mr. Hubbell was meekly reticent, but his manner was that of a man confident of the strength of his support, and their was an air of determination about the gentleman that would indicate that no personal effort would be spared to win. Mr. Hubbell will undoubtedly enter the convention with the strongest following of all aspirants for the place.

He is an able political manager, knows the district thoroughly, and all the probabilities point to the reappearance in political life as a member for the eleventh district of the man to whose management of the Garfield campaign the success of the Republican party that year was largely attributable.

Colonel Osborne is a strong man and would make a hard fight if he decides to seek the nomination.

The district is strongly Republican and a Democratic candidate will simply pose as a figure-head, although the election promises to bring out the full effect of the issue as defined by the President in his message as regarded in a district overwhelmingly in favor of protection.

LINEN, HOSIERY AND LACE.

Wages and Work in the Factories of the Emeral Isle.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Consul J. Schoenhof at Theanstell, England, in his report to the Department of State upon the economic conditions of Ireland treats upon the linen, hosiery and lace manufacturers of that country.

He finds that the earnings of the people employed in the linen-mills in Ulster are far below those any class employed in the textile branches in England. Mill regulations and working time of course are the same for the whole kingdom. Flax-breakers, men who have to do very exhausting work, earn from 15 to 20 shillings per week; hacklers from 18 to 23 shillings; spinners and girls from 8 to 10 shillings; half-timers, boys 5 shillings, girls 4 shillings, and weavers, mostly women, tending two looms, from 12 to 15 shillings; damask weavers, however, the consul says, earn a few more shillings per week.

In this connection the consul reports that the linen trade suffers from depression. This is partly due to the fact that not so much linen is used, owing to the great cheapening in cotton manufacturing as was the case in former times, and partly also because the use of brown linen for ladies' dress has ceased turough change of fashion—but principally through the great reaction following the immense expansion in the wake of the American war and the cotton famine consequent thereto. In regard to the industries, the consul notes the following current changes:

For men, from 12 to 14 shillings (the latter figure is about the limit of the best of men); spinner-girls 8 to 10 shillings; children 5 to 6 shillings, and weavers from 10 to 12 shillings. The mill employing about 750 hands pays out about £400 per week in wages.

The consul says that with the advantages of cheap labor and great eagerness for finding opportunies to work all over Ireland, with an intelligent population quick to take up and learn all manipulations to which they are set, with the excellent quality of the wool which the Irish sheep produce, one should expect to find quite a flourishing industry there.

But there are no more than a halt dozen prosperous mills in all Ireland, employing in all but a few thousand hands, and a great many mills closed up for want of orders. With reference to the hosiery manufactures, the consul states that girls and embroiderers earn from seven to eight shillings per week—a neat and nice employment. It is difficult, however, to keep them at home when they have become practical and are well trained to do the work, as they are very quick at leaving and going where they can earn twelve shillings per week.

DISCRIMINATION.

Argentine Wool Shipments to the United States on the Decrease.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Consul Baker, in a report to the department of State in regard to the wool production of the Argentine Republic, says that the amount of fine wools shipped from there to the United States annually is becoming less. The cause of this, he says, is in great part due to the fact that the United States tariff unintentionally, but very unjustly, discriminates against such wools from the Argentine Republic in favor of those from Australia, New Zealand, etc.

Our system of computing the duties, making no allowance whatever for the dirt and grease in the wools of the Argentine republic, is fully 70 per cent greater than those of the former countries, this excess of dirt and grease being required to pay the full tariff rates for wool. The only wools from the Argentine republic which it is possible to ship under our tariff are the "Criolla" or long carpet wools of the province of Cordova, which are shipped from Rosario, and which amount to about 10,000,000 pounds annually.

EUROPEAN CEREAL.

Interesting Data from the International Seed Convention.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Edmund Jussen, consul general at Vienna, has transmitted to the Department of State data gathered from the reports of the international seed and grain convention recently in relation to the condition of the European cereal crops. In Austria-Hungary the yield of wheat for 1887 is estimated at 177,000,-000 bushels, an increase of nearly 25 per cent. over the average of that country, while 125,000,000 bushels is the estimated yield of rye—also a considerable increase. The crop of oats, however, is hardly sufficient to cover the home demand.

In Russia rye has yielded an average crop, barley is of excellent quality, but the crop of oats is poor and the prospect of potatoes not very promising. In the Scandinavia countries the average amount of wheat is produced, but rye and oats fall far below the average. The wheat crop of Italy is poor, and the import demand of the country for the cereal will amount to about 30,000,000 bushels. The corn crop is above the average and the country will have a surplus for export. The wheat crops of Switzerland and Holland are above the average, while that of northern Russia is below.

The wheat crop of France is large, but a considerable quantity of wheat must be imported to meet the home demand, and the quantity in store is very limited. In Great Britain and Ireland an average wheat crop is expected. The total yield is estimated at from 9,500,000 to 10,000,000 quarters, so that after deducting seed 8,-500,000 to 9,000,000 quarters will be left for home consumption, and the importation of from 16,500,000 to 17,000,000 quarters will be required.

The English wheat in store is believed to be very nearly exhausted and the foreign wheat in store in England, quite limited. Barley will yield 10 per cent. less than the usual average, oats 15 per cent. less, and beans and peas from 40 to 50 per cent. less. Potatoes are healthy, but the crop will be small. In British India the yield of wheat for 1887 is estimated at 6,330,695 tons. From January 1 to June 30, 1887, British India exported to Europe 9,679,-510 hundred weight of wheat.

The exportation of certain qualities of hops from Europe to the United States has of late increased to a considerable extent. The increase from Austria-Hungary alone during the year 1886 over the previous year amounted in declared value to $686,-277, the total amount of hops exported from Austria-Hungary to the United States in 1886 amounting in declared value alone to $188,915.

Signed Checks While Drugged.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—James King, a wealthy cattle dealer from Halena, Mon., was arrested to-night on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Checks for $700 were shown drawn by him against the First National bank of Chicago. He says the checks were signed while in a semi-stupor, the result of drugged whisky, imbibed after he had been inveigled into a private poker room.

Bragg to Go to Mexico.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Jan. 3.—Gen. Bragg quietly left home on Saturday in response to a message from President Cleveland. He is probably at Washington to-day. It is considered he has been tendered the Mexican mission and that he will accept.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Showing Made by R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade say: "A year of enormous business has closed with little more than seasonable dullness. Transactions much beyond the average in September and October, prepared for some slackening trade in November and December, which has been increased by tariff uncertainties, by several strikes of importance, and by a speculative advance in prices. Unusual pressure for money during fall, on the other hand caused adjustments which prevent severe pressure as the year closes. Except at a few Western points, the money markets are comparatively easy, with collections almost everywhere fair, and at most points reasonably good.

The holiday trade has generally been large. The recent change in the weather brings greater activity in some branches, but pending strikes and controversies about wages and uncertainties about the future in some of the largest industries, operate unfavorably. The ease of money, and the belief that the Reading strike would not last, have helped stocks to improve until to-day, when the day opened with some reaction. Hopes of activity and advance after New Year's sustain prices, but the great movement of foreign capital hitherward for investment, has ceased, at least for a time.

In November trade statistics indicated that outgoing slightly exceeded incoming goods and capital. December exports at New York 12 per cent. below last year's, against imports 17 per cent. below, indicate that at least $15,000,000 in goods and cash has probably gone abroad. Foreign sales have exceeded the purchases of securities. If continued this will affect the placing of securities for new roads and thus influence great industries.

The dying year has seen 12,724 miles of railway finished, making the mileage for the United States 150,710, but changes of freight rates at the west tend steadily downward, lessening the prospect for building next year. The Pennsylvania reports a decrease of $170,000 in the net earnings for November, and Erie a decrease of $24,253.

The iron industry, after the largest year's output on record, is rapidly cutting down production and prices, and at many points wages. Since March the average of all grades at Philadelphia has declined $1.41, of rails $6. Sales of $20,000 tons of Alabama and Tennessee, iron are reported, but no sales of rails, for which Carnegie's mills can cover only 200,000 tons. The Western Nail association lowers its card rater from $2.25 to $2.

The cotton industry for the year records larger production, sales and profits than for 1886. The year closes with an excellent demand, stocks well cleaned up and many makes sold well ahead.

But woolen manufacture is described as having had about the most unsatisfactory year it has ever experienced, with business smaller and profits smaller than last year's.

Enormous importations have left a large stock of dress goods on hand. Overcoatings are mooving fairly, but fine goods at 5 to 10 per cent. decline.

The coal production has been the largest on record, but the market closes with some excitement, the Lehigh strike continuing, while dispatches affirm that the Reading miners will strike January 1.

The grocery trade has been very large for the year and closes with fair activity, notwithstanding the speculation in coffee and the rise in sugar following reports of a decrease of 362,000 tons in the beet product.

Provisions hold the recent advance. Beef is again a shade dearer.

There has been a rise of 8 cents in oil.

Cotton, in spite of small receipts, is a shade lower.

Breadstuffs have risen; wheat and corn about 1 cent each.

The treasury added $714,000 to its deposits with banks and $1,600,000 to the circulation during the week. It has now increased the circulation of coin and paper about $64,000,000 since July 1, $130,-000,000, since July 1, 1886.

The complete returns of the clearing house for 1887 show an aggregate for the year exceeding $51,000,000,000 with a gain of about 7 per cent. over last year, but November showed a small decrease; in December the decrease in payments has been considerable.

The year's failures show a decrease of 200 in number, but a large increase of $53,000,000 in liabilities, as follows: 1887, number 9,634, liabilities $167,560,-944, average $17,392; 1886, number 9,834, liabilities $114,644,119, average, $11,651.

Returns for the Dominion of Canada show 1,382 failures with $16,311,745 liabilities, average $11,802.

Failures in the Dominion were 1 in every 54 persons in business; in the United States they average 1 in every 111 persons.

BOYCOTT ON BEER.

The Anarchist Assailing their Favorite Beverage in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—It was reported this morning that the Central Labor Union in Chicago, had taken up the fight of the Brewer Workers' union and declared a boycott on Milwaukee beer. Also that the Chicago brewers had decided to get even with the labor union in a way of their own, that is novel as well as effective. Michael Keely, president of the Brewers' association, in speaking of the matter said:

"There is something interesting in regard to that rumor, which might as well be made public. The Brewer-Worker's union in New York issued a circular announcing a boycott on Milwaukee beer. The members of that union in Milwaukee obeyed the edict to a man. But they were not satisfied. They wanted the boycott extended in Chicago, and the other day, went before the Central Labor Union, which is the anarchist organization, and asked it to declare a boycott in Chicago.

"The Central Labor Union took no action upon the proposition, deferring its consideration until some future time.

"Now we are waiting to see what the anarchists will do about it. If they decide to drop drinking Milwaukee beer and refuse to patronize saloon keepers who buy it, why of course, some of the saloonists will be compelled to buy beer of some one else until the boycott is lifted.

"In that case, I feel safe in saying that Chicago brewers would see that saloonkeepers got plenty of beer. Our association has made provisions for just such emergencies. We would furnish the beer, and the legitimate profits would be turned over to the Milwaukee brewers, so that they would not lose a dollar on account of the boycott.

"The Chicago and Milwaukee brewers belong to the same association, and that is no more than the Milwaukee men would do for us if the tables were turned and we should get in their fix.

"It is foolish for a few thousand beer-drinking Anarchists to suppose that they can get ahead of the brewers by a boycott.

"Why, we could boycott them, if we wanted to. We could fix it so that not an Anarchist could buy a glass of beer in Chicago.

"No, sir, my advice to the Central Labor union is that they go ahead and drink Milwaukee beer, if that is what they had been drinking, and let the Chicago saloon keepers alone.

"The boycott came about in the first place because the ignorant brewer-workers did not know what they were about. Simply to be up with times, they imposed boycott in Milwaukee but they had better not attempt to carry it into Chicago."

STEEL MILLS IDLE.

The Wage Question will Have Much to do with the Starting Up.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 3.—Two weeks have elapsed since the Edgar Thomas steel works closed down for repairs. No scale of wages has as yet been offered to the men employed in the converting department of the rail mill, and the men seem very loth to ask for work for in 1888.

The furnace men have been offered a reduction of 10 per cent. less than last year, but will have a meeting this week for the purpose of asking for an increase from 4 to 6 per cent.

All the laborers employed around the mill on repairs will be suspended to-day, and on Wednesday, it is rumored, all the machinists who are now working, about 75 in number, will also stop work. Everything is quiet, and it looks as if the mill will be idle several more weeks.

COKE WORKERS HAPPY.

The Reduction in Price Will Not Result in a Reduction of Wages.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 3.—It is stated that the reduction recently made in the price of coke will not effect the wages of coke workers. It has been decided that the reduced price will only be in operation during this month. This decision relieves the coke district of a great anxiety.

It has been thought that a reduction of wages would certainly follow the reduction of price, but the operators have agreed not to change the wages for the present. They also decided that the reduced price would be only temporary.

Some excitement has been caused by the discovery that 30,000 forged tickets have been issued for admission to the Pope's Jubilee mass. The discovery will compel the Vatican autarities to print another set of tickets.

CHEAP TELEPHONES.

Judge Vinton on the Circuit Court Bench, Rules that the $3 Per Month Telephone Bill is Good—The Company Appeal.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan. 3.—Judge Vinton, sitting in the Circuit court, has decided that telephone companies doing business, are compelled by the statute to furnish instruments at the legal rate of $3 a month, whether they wished to do so or not.

The case came up on an application of the Foley Hardware company for a writ of mandamus, requiring the Central Union Telephone company to place an instrument in its building at $3 a month.

The court held good the demurrers to the company's answers, and decided under the statutes the company was bound to furnish every applicant with a complete outfit of instruments and connections.

The company endeavored to show that it was not furnishing private wires or private telephones, but it established public stations throughout the city where each person upon the payment of five cents could be put in communication with any point of their system.

The court held that the company was engaged in a general telephone business and was obliged to furnish each applicant for service with a telephone and telephonic connections and facilities at their place of business or store room, for the sum of $3 per month. The company will appeal.

PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

Littler and Anderson are Conversative—Pattison Attacks the Officials.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—There are two reports of the Pacific railway commission now in the hands of the president, one signed by Commissioners Anderson and Littler and the other by Commissioner Pattison. The majority report is 130 pages long, and is largely a history of the Union Pacific railroad and the preversion of their trusts by Gould, Sage and other directors of the Union Pacific, and Huntington, Crocker, and Hopkins, of the Central Pacific.

The report recommends that the time for paying the government debt be extended to 50 years, and that the roads shall execute a formal mortgage to the government.

That the debt be funded at 3 per cent, payable semi-annually to the United States treasury, but that any part of the debt may be taken up in advance.

That the President be empowered to appoint one trustee, and the roads another, who shall control the investment of the sinking fund.

That a sinking fund of one-half of 1 per cent. shall be provided, and that the law department of the United States be vested with power to bring any suit, criminal or civil, in behalf of the roads.

Commissioner Pattison's report jumps with both feet upon the former officers of the Union Pacific and the present management of the Central Pacific, and charges malfeasance in office, diversion of money belonging to the stockholders of the road, and deliberate and fraudulent impairment of the government's lines. He plainly says it is now a question of the payment of a debt to the government, but of the punishment of a criminal. He recommends that the government forfeit the charters of both roads and appoint a receiver until the roads can be sold.

THE GROWING SOUTH.

A Large Increase in Capital and the Industries Greatly Diversified—A Remarkable Year.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 30.—[Special wire.]—*Manufacturers Record* will publish this week its annual review of the industrial growth of the South for 1887, which, it says, was in many respects the most remarkable year in the history of that section as more was accomplished for the progress and prosperity of the whole South than ever before in the same length of time.

From Maryland to Texas the progress was remarkable, covering almost the entire range of industry and there is scarcely a single line of manufacturing or mining business in which the number of new enterprises reported during 1887 is not more than twice as large as in 1886.

Of the fourteen Southern states there are only four in which the capital invested in new enterprises is not double the amount invested in 1886.

The amount of capital, including capital stock of incorporated companies organized during 1887 compared with 1886, was:

	1887.	1886.
Alabama	$ 47,982,000	$ 19,848,000
Arkansas	24,466,000	15,240,000
Florida	1,650,000	1,650,000
Georgia	15,361,000	3,599,000
Kentucky	40,053,000	28,404,000
Louisiana	8,218,500	2,240,000
Maryland	15,187,000	8,765,000
Mississippi	4,677,000	774,600
North Carolina	9,667,000	3,676,000
South Carolina	3,895,000	1,208,000
Tennessee	35,661,000	21,240,000
Texas	10,450,000	5,694,000
Virginia	23,255,000	8,514,000
West Virginia	8,266,000	8,365,000
Total	$256,298,000	$129,226,000

In cotton manufacturing there has been great activity, and 77 new mills have been projected, many of them being now under construction, which is the largest number of new mills ever reported in one year. Cotton mills are reported as having largely oversold their production, and many old mills are being enlarged to meet the demand for their goods.

The industries of the South are being greatly diversified, as well as increased.

GOV. MARMADUKE DEAD.

After a Short Illness he Died From Dreaded Pneumonia.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 29.—Governor John S. Marmaduke died at the Executive Mansion at 9:37 o'clock last night. Governor Marmaduke has not been well since the adjournment of the special session of the legislature last summer. Some time after the close of the extra session, and for several weeks past his friends noticed he appeared to be breaking down.

Friday last he felt bad, but attended to his official duties as usual both Friday and next day. Saturday night he was troubled with a bad cough. Sunday, Dr. Davison, who was called in, informed the governor that he was liable to a violent attack of pneumonia.

That evening he made a trip to the office but quickly returned. During the night he complained of pains in the lungs. He stayed at home, and by Tuesday morning his condition had become so much worse that he sent for Dr. H. E. Young, superintendent of the Nevada lunatic asylum, be sent for.

Up to 2 o'clock yesterday morning no special uneasiness was felt, but at that hour a change for the worse became visible and he commenced sinking. By 2:30 o'clock this afternoon a great change had occurred and his physicians, after holding a consultation, unanimously announced that he was beyond the reach of medical skill.

(Gen. John S. Marmaduke became governor of Missouri, January 1, 1885. During the war he served in the Confederate army, where he gained his rank of General. He became known as a man of unflinching nerve, and in September, 1863, fought a duel with Gen. Walker, of Memphis, also in the Confederate service, Walker and Marmaduke were officers of the same rank, but neither would recognize the other as his superior. Hot words ensued, and the duel was the result. The conditions of the meeting were that the men should use their side arms at 30 paces, Advance and fire until one or both were killed. At the third shot Walker fell mortally wounded, dying without uttering a word. Shortly afterward Marmaduke succeeded to the command and conducted the Confederate retreat from Little Rock. During this retrograde movement the fighting was almost continuous, and the reckless bravery displayed by Marmaduke was attributed to recourse. Since his inauguration as governor of Missouri he got into a dispute with Mayor Rainwater, and a duel was imminent, but the matter was amicably settled by friends.)

WAS HE MURDERED?

A Mysterious Disappearance of a Man in New York State.

ROSE, N. Y., Dec. 31.—F. C. Van Marter, about 30 years of age, came here about five weeks ago, with his wife, a pretty and attractive woman of 17. He rented a house about four miles from town, where he stored his household goods, and intended to occupy it in about a month. In the meantime, he and his wife stopped with relatives, two miles from their house. On December 12, three men came to where Van Marter was staying, and kicked and pounded him, and told him to leave town without further warning.

The men said they had a row with Van Marter some time ago, but did not get satisfaction. The mysterious part of the affair is that Van Marter has not been seen since and murder is suspected. His wife is still at his relatives and refuses to say anything about the affair but it is thought that she has had nothing to do with the disappearance of her husband.

A suspicious incident connected with the affair was the total destruction of an old unoccupied house near the place of the assault, which was burned to the ground early next morning. Since nothing has been seen or heard of Van Marter, it is generally believed that he is dead, as nothing can be heard of his whereabouts. His father says he had a fight with three men some time ago, and they whipped him very badly, and told him to leave the country or they would meet him again.

Emperor William in his remarks at his New Year receptions avoided open political allusions.

TO FORM A NEW STATE.

A Lofty Amlution of the People of Clarksville, Ind.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 31.—The people of the town of Clarksville, Ind., which is situated about midway between Jeffersonvile and New Albany, on the Ohio river, are just at present in a great state of agitation from various causes. One is the seizure of their streets by railroads, the state and other parties. They believe that they are being hemmed in, and they mean to protest vigorously.

A movement is now on foot among the people of that locality to organize, hold an election, send delegates to the national congress, and demand admission as a territory or district under the old Virginia charter, which they hold is still in force.

Clarksville, next to Vincennes, is the oldest town in Indiana. In October, 1783, Virginia caused a town to be surveyed on the north bank of the falls of the Ohio, described as being situated in the county of Illinois.

This was to be laid on in a reservation of 150,000 acres granted to Gen. George Rogers Clark and his men and officers who marched with him and reduced the British posts at Kaskaskia and Vincennes.

The fee-simple, together with the government of the town, was vested in ten trustees, March 1, 1784, Thomas Jefferson, Arthur Lee, James Monroe and Samuel Hardy, in behalf of Virginia, executed a deed transferring to the United States all title of Virginia to the territory, but excepting expressly the rights of settlers under the grant to Gen. Clark, known as the Illinois grant. It is maintained that the claim will have a strong showing before the Supreme court.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Cleveland Henchman to Have Jersey City Postoffice.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Business men and the respectable people of Jersey City generally were astonished to-day to hear that Postmaster Gopsill was to be removed at last and that John T. Kelly, one of the conspicuous members of the Hudson county Democratic machine, would succeed him.

Mr. Gopills, though a Republican, was such an exceptionally able and upright official and had done so much to improve the mail service of Jersey City that reputable citizens felt that President Cleveland, with all his pretensions to civil service reform, would hardly dare to dismiss him.

It seems that they, like many others, were grievously mistaken. Mr. Gopsill must go. Congressman McAdo